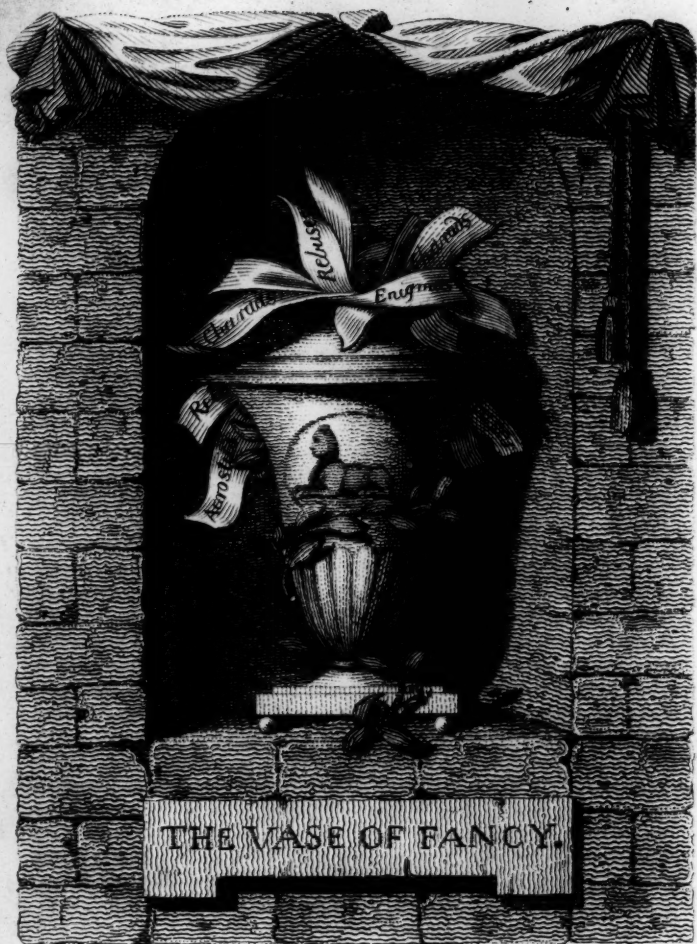




J. Scott sculp.

Pub^d Nov^r 15. 1793 by E. Newberry Corner of S^t. pauls Church yard.



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CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENT;

OR, THE

HAPPY ASSOCIATION

OF

MIRTH AND INGENUITY:

BEING AN

ELEGANT COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL RIDDLES, CHARADES, &c.

CULLED FROM THE

VASE OF FANCY,

AT

CONUNDRUM CASTLE.

BY PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAINS.

LONDON:

Printed for E. NEWBERRY, Corner of St. Paul's
Church Yard,

1799.



ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PUZZLEBRAINS would certainly have deviated, in the present instance, from the general practice of Authors, Editors, and Publishers, and presented his book to the Public without the formality of a Preface, had it not been hinted to him, by several contributors to the VASE at Conundrum Castle, that his briefly stating the motives which gave rise to the institution, might be the means of producing other ingenious compositions of the same kind.*

In compliance, therefore, with their wishes, gentle Reader, you are to be informed, that Conundrum Castle is situated a few miles west of

* Mr. Puzzlebrains is a near relation of Peter Puzzlewell, Esq.; whose productions, in 3 vols. were published a short time since by E. Newbery, and have been honoured with extensive circulation and flattering applause.

the metropolis, and is inhabited by a set of beings who, in direct contradiction to the practice of fashionable life, devote a great portion of their time to what they deem rational amusement, though, in that class, the stern critic will, perhaps, refuse a place to such productions as the present. On this occasion, however, criticism avaunt!

Among the visitors at the Castle, last winter, was a set of young Ladies and Gentlemen, by whom it was agreed, (with the approbation of the worthy owner) that each should exercise his or her ingenuity, in the composition of a Riddle, Charade, Rebus, or Enigma; all which were to be deposited in an elegant VASE that happened to be at the Castle, and was to be opened the succeeding Christmas, at which festive season they were to re-assemble.

The present Collection comprises the first fruits of the Association; and it was in obliging compliance with the earnest solicitations of Mr. Puzzlebrains, that they were permitted to appear in their present form before the Public. Their

demerits,

demerits, should they be numerous, will, of course, fall heavily on him.

To assist the views of the Association, Mr. Puzzlebrains is allowed to solicit the contributions of those whose inclination may induce them to employ in so harmless a manner (to say the least) a leisure hour; and whatever is left at the Publisher's, will be immediately transmitted to the Castle, and there be deposited in the VASE OF FANCY.

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1898

1899

1900

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1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENT,

&c.

RIDDLES.

I.

SO capricious am I, that, if monarchs should
offer

Their kingdoms, I scarce would accept of the
proffer,

Since no land in the world that I ever could find,
Just suited the changeable turn of my mind :

Tho' guiltless, I'm often confin'd under ground,
But return from my prison both healthy and
found ;

At dinner I'm often receiv'd by the great,
When I go at command, and as quickly retreat ;

For

For no art they can use can oblige me to stay,
And I always contrive to slip softly away.
On the tree's lofty summit, in glittering pride,
In trembling, tho' fearless, I often reside ;
I'm often in rivers ; but this I may say,
I seldom adventure to sail on the sea ;
The stars are my cronies ; but as for the sun,
His ardor with precipitation I shun ;
I'm fear'd by the greybeard, but lov'd by the
boy,
Who rides on my back, and beholds me with
joy.

II.

FROM a well manur'd earth I challenge my
birth,
From a well harden'd metal my form,
I'm a right welcome guest at full many a feast,
Yet seldom am good but when warm.

Being born to be burnt, I never can mourn't,
Nor ever repine at my fate ;
Since the worse I am us'd, and the more I'm
abus'd,
The more riches accrue to the State.

Some

Some people I please, some people I ease,
And others again I torment ;
Some disorders I cure, and some I procure
To those who to conquer me meant.

Your thirst I increase, your hunger appease,
To the wearied refreshment afford ;
My friends and my foes I take by the nose,
From the footman quite up to his lord.

Of lawyers, physicians, and grave politicians,
The thoughts I am wont to compose ;
Befriend contemplation, whet the wits of the
nation,
When o'er me they fuddle the nose.

To the virtues I mention, it was my intention
To have added a great many more ;
But take only this one, and then I'll have
done—
I'm a salve for almost any sore.

III.

WORK'D into shape by skilful art,
Mindless of aught besides,
Grateful I act my destin'd part,
As my dictator guides.

Strange composition! wond'rous frame!
Aukward in ev'ry feature,
I challenge all the world to name
A more deformed creature!

Sometimes in native dress I'm seen
In many a peasant's cot,
When nature wears a look serene,
And gloom surrounds the grot.

When Phœbus tips with gold the skies,
I've seldom much to do;
But when his beamy splendor dies,
My labours straight ensue,

The man's esteem'd a busy fool,
(This my director knows,)
Who makes me break the gen'ral rule,
The day's for my repose.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, in glitt'ring coat array'd,
I grace the lady's table;
To act without another's aid
I'm utterly unable.

Strange! I possess two monstrous eyes,
Each void of human sight,
Fix'd on my small, supporting thighs,
And open to the light.

A head of monstrous size I wear;
A mouth, almost as large,
Opes and embogues provision there,
Which soon demands discharge.

Far on my front appears my nose,
Slender and sharp at top,
Not Shipton like, my patron knows,
To need a chin for prop.

Black as the shades of night my food,
By night my chief employ;
Strange incoherence! understood,
The spring of lightsome joy.

Clammy

Medusa's hair hangs hissing down thy head,
And eyes and ears all round thy body spread ;
Thy bones stand staring thro' thy parchment
skin,

And thousand vultures tear thy lungs within.
At thy right hand sit Madness and Despair,
Thy left grasps all the frightful forms of Care.
Oh, shocking sight ! Yet, shocking as you be,
Thousands do entertain and welcome thee.
In Spain and Italy thou'rt most in fashion,
Tho' much carefs'd by almost every nation ;
Maids, husbands, widows, batchelors, and wives,
At thy approach curse their unhappy lives :
Urg'd on by thee, Herod the children slew,
And envious Saul the pointed jav'lin threw.
Unlimited thy pow'r, thy boundless sway
Sceptres and crofiers, swords and crooks obey ;
What's worse, wherever you possession take,
No magic power can exorcise the snake ;
No herb, no balm, nor all Apollo's art ;
Death, only Death, can cure the raging smart."
This said, in livid flames the fiend with-
drew :

I paus'd awhile, and soon the monster knew,
Which friendly here I now expose to you. }

V.

Ladies,

AS by the unerring law of Nature,
The silk-worm, self-destroying creature !
Consumes her bowels, to array
The rich and great, polite and gay ;
So I, by various rules of art,
T'improve your charms, spin out my heart ;
For great celerity I'm noted,
And by th' inspir'd penman quoted ;
Swift as an arrow from a bow
Is my winged motion to and fro ;
Tho' at the pleasure of my master,
'Tis sometimes slower, sometimes faster.
I'm of a diff'rent shape and size,
Have neither head, nor tail, nor eyes ;
Yet all my exterior parts agree
In perfect similarity.
The lives of thousands I maintain,
And clothe the naked, helpless train ;
To all my services extend,
And each degree of life befriend.
In sacred writ my name appears,
An emblem of man's fleeting years.

VI. UNSEEN

VI.

UNSEEN by mortal eyes, I roll
My boundless course from pole to pole ;
Do wond'rous feats by sea and land,
Obsequious to divine command :
In prison I am oft' confin'd
By artful projects of mankind,
Yet, maugre all their art and skill,
I'm guided by th' eternal will.
Depriv'd of my propitious aid,
The blooming rosy cheeks soon fade ;
Convulsions seize the heaving breast :
Thus far my nature I've express'd,
I'll only add, (t'enhance the fame
Of my renown'd, tremendous name)
No power but what vouchsaf'd me birth,
Can e'er expel me from the earth.

VII.

LET arbitrary Princes boast no more
Their haughty schemes of independent power,
Nor propagate, to keep mankind at distance,
The slavish principles of non-resistance,

Since I possess a more despotic sway
And absolute command by far than they ;
No laws, injunctions, nor restraints, I know,
But such as from myself spontaneous flow.
How oft' have I, in mazy fetters bound,
Th' intrepid sons of war with vict'ry crown'd !
What potent heroes, valiant in the field,
Have I led captive, and oblig'd to yield ?
Altho' I have no formidable name,
An universal deference I claim ;
The greatest potentates my power revere,
And men of all degrees my livery wear ;
Yet no constrain'd obedience I exact---
'Tis every man's own voluntary act.
Oft' I occasion quarrels and disputes,
Intestine jars, and law-contending suits ;
Reason, with all her mild persuasions, can
Avail but little, when I've laid the plan.
In public life my influence is such,
Men hardly can be led by it too much ;
Yet I'm too often the unhappy rise
Of many unforeseen calamities ;
I'll only add (t'exemplify my birth,
And clear my fully'd fame) I'm of celestial
birth.

VIII.

WHEN first-created Sol's reviving light
Shot thro' the chaos of eternal night,
And when his genial beams were downward
hurl'd
From Heav'n benign, to warm the infant world,
To chase with glowing rays the mist away,
Gladden the earth, and blaze the first-born day,
In that great hour did I descend to earth,
From lucid Sol, the author of my birth ;
From thence existing to the present time,
I traverse ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime ;
Deck'd in the beggar's rags or monarch's robe,
I pass each province of the spacious globe ;
All forms, all shapes, promiscuously wear,
Sometimes a man, sometimes a beast appear ;
Sometimes like things inanimate am seen,
And look a stately poplar on the green ;
To me the languid lover oft' repairs,
For I assuage his pains, and lull his cares.
Tho' neither form nor substance can I claim,
Yet form and substance seem to be my frame ;
Each morn a sure attendant I arise,
When father Phœbus gilds the eastern skies ;

All day on earth in every shape I tread,
 But disappear when he descends to bed ;
 Then when the moon assumes her silver reign,
 A constant vigil I arise again ;
 Then oft' the pallid villain I affright,
 Intent on murder at the noon of night,
 Whose guilty conscience often I dismay,
 Haunting with silent steps his evil way ;
 And often, too, in wond'rous strides I seem
 To stalk upon the surface of a stream ;
 Thus safe thro' wat'ry elements I scape,
 Whereas on earth I'm seen in ev'ry shape.
 I'm something, nothing, every thing together,
 And always seen, except in cloudy weather.

 IX.

I CHALLENGE Nature's treasure to produce
 One thing of such an universal use,
 That scarce in substance doth exceed a worm,
 Yet can the best and greatest acts perform ;
 On whom the affairs of kingdoms do depend ;
 For thro' the world my virtues do extend.
 I'm author of a small yet num'rous race,
 Of diff'rent forms from mine, in equal space,
 Keeping according to their age their place ;

 }
 For

For my first born at their full growth arrive }
 (To which they almost in one moment thrive) }
 Before their younger brothers can begin to live. }
 From which time all in one communion stay,
 (Perhaps the years of old Methuselah)
 'Till they, by some schismatic villany,
 Must separate, or alike as martyrs die.
 But, what my nature and my skill commends,
 I have all learning at my fingers' ends ;
 Off hand I treat of deep theology,
 Grammar, and logic, and chronology ;
 All kinds of learning from my mouth I spit,
 In verse and prose too, without studying it ;
 Without my aid men can no farther go,
 Than what they by their own experience know.

 X.

THO' kings and princes my acquaintance be,
 To beggars I afford my company ;
 In diff'rent shapes and diff'rent postures dress'd,
 I'm a beloved and a hated guest :
 Sometimes, I'm such a strange preposterous
 thing,
 I soothe a beggar, and insult a king ;

In

In me a thousand contradictions lie,
I'm very often dead, yet never die ;
'Tis I that chiefly grieve and chiefly please,
Create the greatest pain and greatest ease.
I'm mild and calm, yet rough and stormy too ;
A bosom friend, and yet a frequent foe.
Unseen I all things see, and 'tis in me,
Tho' I'm no glass, that they themselves do see :
No one but God himself knows more of man —
Than I ; now solve this riddle, if you can.

XI.

FETCH'D with much labour from my native
home,

Around this lower globe of earth I roam ;
Pale as the moon tho' my complexion be,
The brightest beauties prostrate fall to me ;
The Oriental monarchs do me grace,
And characters divine print on my face ;
The princes of Great Britain and of France
Give me a copy of their countenance ;
The Dutch mynheer, who loves me not the least,
Instead of that, doth fix on me a beast.

XII. HE

XII.

HE who begat me did conceive me too ;
Within one month to a man's height I grew,
And should I for a hundred years remain,
I to my stature not one inch should gain :
Numbers of brethren I have here on earth,
And all, like me, of this surprising birth ;
With curious garments some their limbs adorn, }
And some as naked are as they were born, }
Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm ;
Some want an eye, and others have no feet,
Some have no arms, others no legs ; and yet
Most men esteem them equally with me,
Tho' I in all my limbs unblemish'd be :
To sum up all as briefly as I can,
I am man's offspring, tho' I'm not a man.

XIII.

A THING more strange, all men will say,
No mortal ever knew,
A thing of so great use as I,
Yet less than nothing too.

Yet

Yet at my name some break their hearts,
And others do run mad;
I'm worse to some than fiery darts,
While others I make glad.

In seeking what I am, no doubt
You'll often hear me nam'd;
And if you chance to find me out,
Your wit shall be proclaim'd.

I frequent am in most discourse,
In truth and falsehood too;
In work and play, both night and day,
But chiefly when men woo.

Now seek, and find me, Sue or Sam,
Explain my name, and what I am.

XIV.

WHEN first I on this stage of life appear,
I tidings to the expecting world declare;
A noted prophet to the world I come,
And to remotest kingdoms swiftly roam;

Admiring

Admiring mortals crowd to see my face,
While dark events I shew the human race;
Now I'm belov'd by all, by all carefs'd,
And go to every house a welcome guest ;
Where my rich robes the eyes of all invite,
Scarlet and black wrought on a ground of white.
But see the sad reverse of prosperous fate !
What dire disgrace does on my glories wait !
Tho' thus awhile esteem'd and lov'd I reign'd,
A deadly foe I find in every friend ;
My gay attire by barb'rous hands is torn,
And to a proverb I'm expos'd to scorn ;
With restless hatred they pursue my life,
And often make me feel the fatal knife ;
Sometimes the flames I try, or faithless wave,
Or in the privy find a fordid grave.

XV.

I'M doom'd to lie, till certain times
Appointed do expire,
To cleanse away my earthly crimes,
In purgatory fire :

And

And by this new, regen'rate birth,
My nature I improve;
Then straight ascend, and leave the earth,
To chaunt in choirs above.

I'm known to dance when men rejoice,
And mourn their misery;
For at their deaths, with doleful voice,
I sing their elegy.

It is my fortune, soon or late,
(Which first displays my fame)
To end my days with Haman's fate,
Whence you may learn my name.

XVI.

NOTHING I am, nor real-being have,
But what quick thought and lab'ring fancy gave;
And yet 'tis plain I mighty deeds have done,
Do measure things past, present, and to come;
Deep projects, which at first in secret lie,
Are brought to light by my all-seeing eye;
Nothing is free from my consuming power,
The wise, the brave, alike, I all devour;
Those

Those monuments of which the ancients boast,
 Wasted by me are in their ruins lost :
 No permanence I have, my parts slide on, —
 As one wave straight succeeds another gone ;
 Thus with swift pace my constant course I run,
 In equal motion as I first begun.

XVII.

SURE, I'm the veriest Proteus e'er was seen,
 Sometimes I'm red, then black, then white, then
 green ;
 I change my face a hundred times a day,
 And in one shape oft' not a minute stay ;
 Sometimes I seem a doctor or physician,
 A pettifogger, lawyer, politician ;
 Sometimes a king, a prince, a duke, a peer,
 A trooper, footman, or a charioteer ;
 A beggar, madman, fool, a chair, a fan,
 And now a queen, and now a courtesan ;
 All ages, sexes, all degrees I seem,
 Yet in all shapes I bear my common name ;
 For king or beggar I am still the same ;
 Nay, with a face can change religion too ;
 Sometimes a Christian, then a Turk, or Jew ;

C

But

But then, when all religious men are gone,
And by myself I'm left, religion I have none.
Sometimes a dog, a boar, a horse I seem,
A standing water, or a running stream ;
Sometimes I seem all of a burning fire,
Untouch'd, unhurt, unburnt, I'm still entire.
Tho' into every shape I seem to turn,
And nought comes near me but I take its form,
Yet strange it is, (and yet with truth I sing)
I'm still the self same individual thing.

XVIII.

BOLD as a champion I my force maintain,
And trample down whole numbers of the slain ;
No feet I boast, but teeth that manage all,
And claim submission both from great and small :
Sublime the place where I engage my foes,
On topmost hills-no bounds my conquest knows ;
Egg'd on by honour, I the passage clear,
And against squadrons open war declare ;
When by success the vict'ry I have won,
I to the place from whence I came return.

XIX. IN

XIX.

IN ancient times, while yet the world was
young,
And nature, now decay'd with age, was strong ;
When the Athenian eye her Greece survey'd,
And martial Rome her val'rous acts display'd,
With rev'rence in my temples mortals trod,
For I was then esteem'd and own'd a God ;
To me they joyful hymns, with joyful tongue,
Requesting my assistance, gladly sung ;
Tho' Christian ages, better taught than those,
A single object for their worship chose,
Yet still they pay devoirs before my shrine,
And own my sacred force and power divine.
I'll now descend, and tell from whence I came,
Whereby th' ingenious soon may guess my name :
High born, from Heav'n my origin I brought,
And ever since have love and union taught ;
In Paradise were my indentures made,
And I'm a master joiner by my trade.
Few are the nations (if there any be)
But what employ and find out work for me :
What I perform sometimes may long remain,
But it is often quickly broke again ;

I rarely make a joint that will endure
Above the term of fifty years secure ;
Tho' either sex are fond my skill to know,
They often curse my name for what I do ;
But all in vain, nor I nor they can break
The sure and certain junctions that I make.

XX.

SOME senses I have, if me you'll believe ;
As for hearing, indeed, I have none ;
And all students in nature agree in this matter,
I'm surely as blind as a stone.

This also I tell, that I have no smell,
Yet a taste to me none must deny ;
For I well can distinguish 'twixt fresh and salt
relish,
One's my food—give me t'other, I die.

Indeed, in good truth, I have never a mouth,
To take in my nourishment by ;
Yet good liquor I love, and I certainly prove
Good for nothing whenever I'm dry.

Without

Without legs or wings, or any such things,
From this place to that I advance ;
But to move or lie still I'm quite without will,
For when either doth happen, 'tis chance.

Very much to my cost, I'm beloved by most,
For that doth occasion my ruin ;
From my foes I am free, and should ever safe be,
Were my friends not to cause my undoing.

E'en ladies with glee me naked do see,
To kifs me all over they strive ;
And 'tis always observ'd, that I'm kill'd when
so serv'd,
Yet they value me most when alive.

Pray, which of the creatures, with all these odd
features,
Good ladies, d'ye think me to be ?
'Tis plain, when alive I sensibly thrive,
Yet my death you contentedly see.

XXI.

'TIS doubted whence I sprung, yet most agree
The rich Arabian soil gave birth to me ;
I to the ancients wholly was unknown,
But am thro' Europe now familiar grown ;
Nor Jews nor learned Greeks of me could boast,
For I was unconceiv'd when Troy was lost :
Deform'd in shape, (if crooked shapes be so)
Of various stature, thro' the world I go ;
My make in ev'ry place is much the same,
But I've in diff'rent tongues a different name ;
Nay, strange to tell, full many names I had,
Before my being visible was made !
Those of my kind are not confin'd to be
Exactly of a size and bulk with me ;
Some, full proportion'd, mount up two feet high,
When fifty more may ride upon a fly :
I am but one, and yet so strange my power,
That always I've supply'd the place of more ;
Eight are my brethren, but as Fate had pass'd
Her strong decree, my lot's assign'd the last ;
Howe'er in this my loss was made up well,
Because in pow'r I all the rest excel.
But I'll no further now myself explain,
Lest you with too much ease my name obtain.

XXII. IF

XXII.

IF any under the Almighty be
A King of Kings, a Lord of Lords, 'tis me ;
Tho' princes kingdoms and whole empires sway,
'Tis by my leave they reign one fleeting day.
The potent Alexander ! what was he,
But a mere cypher, if compar'd with me ?
He's call'd a conqueror of the world, I own,
But I'm more truly so, it is well known ;
No castles, forts, strong walls, nor locks, nor
keys,
Can bar my way from passing where I please ;
Rambling about, I call at every door,
I make no diff'rence 'twixt the rich and poor ;
I made stern Hector tremble at my sight ;
I conquer all ; none dares with me to fight ;
The world I sway, and none contests my right. }
Thus far I like a cruel tyrant seem,
Yet there are some that do me much esteem :
Some run to meet me, some force me to do
What others fear, whether I will or no :
A dread to rogues, but yet the just man's hope ;
I've fainted more than ever did the Pope ;
A better

A better doctor never was, 'tis sure,
 For whoso'er I take in hand, I cure,
 Alike unprejudic'd to rich and poor,
 When the physicians have quite giv'n them o'er;
 But what more strange and wond'rous to relate is,
 I ne'er perform a cure but it is gratis.
 I turn the wheel of Fortune; of their store
 I dispossess the rich, relieve the poor,
 And often cause the wealthy to have more: }
 At once I visit England, France, and Spain,
 At once in twenty diff'rent places reign;
 Thus am I king, physician, and, in brief,
 A cruel tyrant, murderer, and thief!

XXIII.

WHEN Sol thro' Aries drives his brilliant car,
 And hostile bosoms kindle for the war,
 Then softer souls for sweeter pleasures rove,
 And melt in raptures with Idalian love;
 When blooming Nature to the eye displays
 Her pleasing pride a thousand wanton ways;
 When longing mortals with impatience wait
 For my approach, which is as sure as Fate,
 You'll

You'll ask from what this expectation springs,
Or what the blessings that my presence brings?
'Tis this—when I appear they boldly lye,
And cheat each other with impunity;
Practise strange frauds, and, what you'll scarce
believe,

They're thought the brightest men who most
deceive.

Lo! here a hapless wretch, with uplift eyes,
Thanks his kind stars, and grasps a tempting
prize;

But, Oh! what changes on our fortune wait!
What sudden scenes in life's fallacious state!
Deluded fool! the bait which look'd so fair
Now turns to filth, or fleets away like air.
Then straight a lurking crew themselves disclose,
Mock at his shame, and triumph at his woes.
But lest I seem of the fictitious kind,
Or virtue, vice, or passion of the mind,
Know, I'm the eldest of a num'rous race,
And by my birthright claim the leading place;
My younger brethren, in a train like geese,
Pursue, but keep unequal distances,
And only one can at a time be seen,
Such an impervious curtain's drawn between;

Alike

Alike we are in shape, alike in name,
Yet no illustrious arts my brethren claim ;
But passion rules with such imperious power,
We oft' change countenance ten times an hour ;
Sometimes a glittering face with charms appears,
Sometimes a low'ring brow, bedew'd with tears.
From night, as from an enemy, I run,
And tho' I'm seen by all, I'm felt by none.

XXIV.

WHEN silent Night with fable did invest
Our hemisphere, and mortals were at rest,
With anxious thoughts to bed I took my way,
Tir'd with the noise and hurry of the day,
Reflecting on my dear Eliza's scorn,
Which thus had made me wretched and forlorn.
Tumbling I lay, expecting sleep in vain,
Tumultuous thoughts did so disturb my brain ;
My over-wearied bones at length found ease,
And slumber on my heavy eyes did seize ;
Morpheus no sooner had compos'd my rest,
And laid the perturbation of my breast,
'Than he a vision brought before my eyes,
Which did my tim'rous fancy much surprise ;

Four

Four spectres straight before me did appear,
Despairing Love, Rage, Jealousy, and Fear;
Their dismal aspect shew'd me who they
were:

Despairing Love with tears bedew'd the ground,
And cruel Rage did its own works confound;
And meagre Jealousy did ghastly stare,
And Fear look'd wilder than the tim'rous hare;
But in an instant, to my great delight,
The semblance chang'd, and there appear'd in
sight

A beauteous lady, most transcendant gay,
At which the spectres dwindled quite away.
Thus did she speak, with a majestic air—
“What mortal's this, lies grov'ling in despair,
And here, regardless of my winning charms,
Supinely lies, with cold, distorted arms,
As tho' it were not in my power to please,
Or to his love-sick passion to give ease?”
Then did I clasp her to my throbbing breast,
Thinking myself of Heav'n straight possess'd!
But lest that she again from me should fly,
I ask'd her name, to which she made reply—
“I am that great Panpharmacon, that cures
All passions of the mind which man endures;

To

To pining lovers straightway give I ease,
Zoilais and Momus I can soon appease,
And jealous Juno I can pacify,
And make her live with Jove in unity ;
To wretches poor, whose wants scarce let them
live,
The philosophic stone I sometimes give ;
And greedy Midas, who for gold doth cry,
By transmutation I can satisfy ;
Then, in contempt of Fortune's giddy wheel,
I arm poor folks that they no crosses feel."
Thus she herself explain'd in various ways,
Whilst I in transports blazon'd forth her praise :
In love's soft fetters did we pass the night,
Our vows repeating still with new delight,
Till bright Aurora blush'd to see me there ;
Then I arose, quite cur'd of my despair.

XXV.

LADIES, to you I must address my tale,
My suff'rings may on your soft sex prevail
T'extend some pity, or at least t'expound
What 'tis in all this giddy spacious round
Which

Which lies obscure for years in Nature's womb,
And if unsearch'd for, makes the same its tomb.
The sons of men, by avarice misled,
Tear me unform'd forth from my mother's bed,
And, as their wanton fancies each inspire,
Form me for use, or bury me in fire;
No cunning lawyers, no superior Court,
Where vending profligates for cash resort,
Can bind so strong, or with such durance tie,
E'en strength and might itself, so firm as I.
In churches, palaces, in cots, and cells,
In parlours, kitchens, chimnies, sinks, and wells,
In ev'ry house am I, in ev'ry coast,
Nay, in each libel on old Pasquin's post;
In short, 'twas I did more for Israel's sons,
Than all their army, all their mighty ones;
In combination link'd with female art,
I slew their captains, bid their hosts depart;
This holy writ records; but to be fair,
Look round about you, wherefoe'er you are,
And if you see me not, believe me just,
I'll guard your bones (when dead) till they are
dust.

XXVI.

A NOBLE creature when created, I,
And splendid shone in bright refulgency ;
(If you'll some authors credit) not confin'd
To earth alone, in the air my glory shin'd ;
On radiant pinions I with ease could fly,
And soar aloft within the azure sky :
But I this glory did not long enjoy,
For one foul crime my grandeur did destroy ;
For which I soon was brought to great disgrace,
And now, alas ! what creature is more base !
Tho' first I in such splendid glory shin'd,
My aspect now is hideous to mankind ;
The earth my residence ; nor can I fly
In open air, as in my infancy ;
But sculk in holes and caverns of the earth,
From whence (tho' noble then) I took my birth ;
But yet I'm in a manner innocent
O'the crime for which I have this punishment, }
For I was not the cause, but instrument.
Man dreads my presence, I dread man's as much ;
Th' antipathy 'twixt man and me is such.

There's

There's ne'er a battle 'twixt my foe and me,
 But unawares I kill, or killed be ;
 Mortal my wounds ; but tho' I vict'ry gain,
 I ever after must difarm'd remain.

XXVII.

FROM dirty form and filthy drefs fet free,
 I now enjoy a pleasing liberty ;
 From spots refin'd, and every blemish clear,
 Ladies, like you, I'm innocent and fair ;
 I, Quaker like, am neat and plainly drest,
 Yet oft' in me the beauish fop's exprest :
 Sometimes in black my mournful body's bound,
 With costly gold sometimes I'm edg'd around :
 No monstrous form, no horrid shape I bear,
 Unarm'd I go, yet oft' when I appear
 The stoutest souls are seiz'd with panic fear. }
 Th' insolvent debtor often I surprize,
 Nor mind the wife's complaint nor children's
 cries ;
 With unrelenting force I seize the prey,
 And to a gaol the lawful prize convey :

To vagrants, wenches, and such paltry stuff,
To pilfering knaves and rogues, I'm always
rough,
But, unprovok'd, I'm peaceable enough.
The jarring feuds of friends I oft' compose,
And settle peace between the greatest foes :
Love is my natural product---I inspire
An amorous warmth, and kindle mutual fire ;
Like wide-mouth'd Fame thro' distant realms I fly ;
Sometimes I tell the truth, and sometimes lie.
All this I do ; but still my greatest care
Is to oblige and please the charming fair.
Ladies, on you submissive I attend,
Your faithful servant and your bosom friend :
In bulk I'm small, of all your slaves the least,
Yet trusted most, and still esteem'd the best ;
Let servile fools at humble distance stand,
My office is to wait at your right hand ;
There I attend, from ev'ry drudg'ry free,
And e'en my mistress often stoops to me.
While fortune smiles, and crowns me with
success,
I'm honour'd with each female's fond caress ;
But if she frown, and I successless prove,
At once I lose both her respect and love ;
Then

Then all the marks of female rage I bear ;
 My tender sides they mangle, bruise, and tear,
 And cast my scatter'd limbs to rot i' th' open
 air. }

Ye cruel dames, your utmost efforts try
 To name the thing you deal so coarsely by.

 XXVIII.

WE have long been employ'd, and rich favours
 enjoy'd

Of titles, achievements, and honours ;
 Tho' what time we began no heralds explain,
 Or who the first generous donors.

Some in gold are drefs'd fine, some in adamant
 shine ;

Some are arm'd with a brafs constitution ;
 Some in silver or steel sit enshrin'd, and ne'er feel
 Thro' ages the least diminution.

Yet our size is so small, you may venture to call
 The whole race Liliputians by nature ;
 But what is more strange, the creation we range,
 And challenge the form of each creature !

Now a lamb we appear, now a wolf or a bear,
Now a vulture, a hawk, or a dove,
Not irrational things, but gods, heroes, and kings,
A Cæsar, a George, or a Jove.

Much time, skill, and care, make us what we
are ;
But our sons, with incredible quickness,
In a moment aspire to the bulk of their sire,
And father themselves by their likenesses.

With a touch they rise forth straight mature
from their birth,
And appear in an instant on duty ;
As Minerva, they feign, did from Jupiter's brain,
Or from Ocean the goddess of Beauty.

These, a numerous store, serve the rich and the
poor,
And maintain the just rights of mankind ;
Add a sanction to law, to keep subjects in awe,
And their tyrants in fetters confin'd.

But we ought not to boast, when for us, to our
cost,
We're afraid a worse fortune remains ;
For if truth must be own'd, many thousands are
found
Of our worthies now hanging in chains.

XXIX.

BEFORE great Nature spread the seas,
Or fashion'd the terrestrial ball,
I fill'd the vast extent of space,
And reign'd unrivall'd over all.

An upstart, proud, malicious foe,
Often intrenches on my power ;
And then the caves and cells below
Alone my dreaded life secure.

But when a friend of mine succeeds,
I throw my mantle round the globe ;
And starving slaves, with mitred heads,
Refresh themselves beneath my robe-

I've

I've neither legs, nor hands, nor head,
And no destructive weapons wear ;
And yet the hero shakes with dread,
And quits the field when I appear.

I'm neither matter, mind, nor thought,
As all that know me must confess,
And yet a nation and a court
Have felt me for their wickedness.

'Tis I that, lib'ral, kind, and free,
Dress ev'ry slave on Guinea's shore ;
And he is not oblig'd to me
For one poor rag or cov'ring more.

Now search, and try if you can find
What I in mystic lines conceal ;
But first remove me from your mind,
Or you my name will ne'er reveal.

XXX.

YE learned fair, whose prying fancies see
Through veil of Ænigmatic mystery,
Who in an hour can easily reveal
What costs us more than twenty to conceal,

Say

Say what I am, who's ev'ry female's care,
A daily sure attendant on the fair;
Not that I want male friends; the fop, the beau,
The wife, and grave, me constant friendship
show.

Sometimes from distant foreign realms I come,
But England make my residence and home;
Here the fair nymphs, with each becoming grace,
And studied art, my pleasing form embrace.
Oh! what would lovers give, could they com-
mand

So warm a pleasure from the fair one's hand!
My taste is foreign; for, to speak the truth,
No English food e'er comes within my mouth;
With far-fetch'd dainties I regale the fair,
And most I please them when my food is dear:
A num'rous offspring fall unto my share,
But unlike me as ever children were;
'Tis hard to find a dozen brats with food,
But harder still to drain their mother's blood.
I'll add but one thing more, and then, no doubt,
Each lively lass will quickly find me out---
Let half a dozen ladies meet, and me,
'Tis ten to one, but presently you see.

XXXI.

FROM Heav'n at first with Lucifer I fell,
But left him in his passage down to hell :
Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his breast,
And none without me can have ease or rest.
I am the staff of age, the sick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom and the poor man's wealth;
And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
I lead the way to what all seek to gain ;
No man without me wou'd a mistress court,
Nor cross the sea unto a foreign port.
I've told you what I am, and whence I came, —
Now tell me, if you can, what is my name.

XXXII.

WHILE Nature form'd me, one whole month
I lay
Stupid and senseless as a lump of clay ;
But as Pygmalion's image, which, 'tis said,
Of a dead stone grew to a living maid,
Just so my limbs, endu'd with vital heat,
Took motion, and my pulse began to beat :
But, Oh ! my hapless lot, by adverse fate
Condemn'd to a perpetual adverse state !

In

In such a narrow dungeon was I pent,
 So strict and rigid my imprisonment,
 That in my lodging room cou'd not be found
 Where I cou'd stand upright or turn me round.
 Taken at last from thence, when weak and faint,
 A larger prison sweeten'd my restraint ;
 When now in robes of various colours dress'd,
 I'm every day well fed, and much caress'd ;
 Yet still confin'd, I round my prison walk,
 And thro' my grates to passengers I talk ;
 What language 'tis I speak I cannot tell,
 But those who hear me understand me well,

 XXXIII.

I LIV'D before the flood, yet still am young ;
 I speak all languages, yet have no tongue ;
 In desarts was I bred, I know no schools,
 Nor even understand the grammar rules ;
 Yet when the courtly gallant talks with me,
 I've as polite a dialect as he.
 I sympathize with all in joy or pain,
 Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain :
 By Nature taught such an obliging way,
 That if you hold discourse with me all day, }
 I never can dissent from what you say.

I'm

I'm with you in the woods and on the plain,
Yet all the while invisible remain;
I'm now in France and Spain, in England too,
Next moment I'm in China or Peru;
Yet legs to walk with, Nature did deny,
Nor have I fins to swim, nor wings to fly.
Tho' thousands do, I ne'er shall die of age,
Till the last conflagration clears the stage.

XXXIV.

"LET it be so," when the Creator spoke,
Whence sun, moon, stars, earth, sea, their beings took,
I did exist, and have existence still,
And on this wretched globe shall live, until
The last tremendous trumpet shall be blown,
To summon all before the Heavenly throne.
In Heav'n I was when th' angels did rebel;
I egg'd them on, and by my art they fell.
In Eden I, when Abel there was slain,
Urg'd to that horrid fact accursed Cain;
I ever since on earth like crimes commit,
Where Adam's race do all to me submit.

I business

I business have with all, by all am us'd,
 By some carefs'd, by others am accus'd ;
 Vast empires, haughty states, endure my chains,
 Monarchs my powers obey, and rural swains ;
 The Christian, Infidel, the Jew, and Turk,
 Papist and Protestant, I set on work ;
 Dissenters of all sects, whigs, tories, all
 Submissive yield to my tyrannic thrall.
 The statesman, lawyer, naturalist, and grave
 Divine, the full-grown man, child, fool, and
 knave ;

The foldier, failor, all on land or sea,
 Father, son, marry'd, single, bond or free,
 Beauties, wits, critics, all are slaves to me. }
 My properties and faults thus having told,
 With ease, I think, my name you may unfold.

 XXXV.

I HAVE no tongue, yet elegantly speak
 The noblest Latin and sublimest Greek ;
 I have no toes, and yet I have six feet,
 I move in measure smooth, serene, and sweet ;
 I'm pleasing, yet majestic, soft, yet strong ;
 I'm white, and yet I'm black ; I'm short, yet
 long.

E

A fa-

A favourite to Augustus' court I came ;
He gave me laurels, and I gave him fame ;
I magnified the virtues of those times,
Yet with an equal boldness lash'd the crimes :
Triumphant victors at my will I lead
O'er prostrate crowns and mountains of the dead.
At my command they conquer, live, and reign ;
If I a more disastrous fate ordain,
They lie inglorious, wounded, vanquish'd,
Slain. }
'Twas I that made Alcmena's son so great,
And monsters, giants, tyrants, did create, }
T'advance his trophies on their abject fate.
Tho' I have liv'd above two thousand years,
In me no symptom of decay appears ;
My genius for devouring time's too strong ;
I ever flourish lovely, gay, and young.
My birth's preposterous ; such, in times of old, }
The fabulous poets of Minerva told,
So she was form'd, and cast in such a mould. }
In that same hour when I my being drew,
To absolute maturity I grew ;
No female was assisting at my birth,
My fire alone conceiv'd and brought me forth.

XXXVI.

BRITONS, in me you may behold, of late,
A dismal instance of inconstant fate;
Five thousand years and more ran gently round,
While I from most respect and honour found;
By heroes, sages, senators, carefs'd,
To kings and princes no unwelcome guest;
Nay, in such absolute request I was,
That e'en to want me seem'd a great disgrace.
But see the issue of my prosp'rous fate!
Scarce dare I offer to appear of late,
But men my life with fatal steel pursue,
And all around my mangled members strew.
And now, lest you should in your guesses fail,
I'll one step farther yet myself unveil—
I'm, without female's aid, the product of a
male.

XXXVII.

GREAT pains, 'tis known, the Greeks and
Romans took
To bring the spacious earth beneath their yoke,
When I, with ease, there's none but will allow,
Have made all nations to my sceptre bow;

Me kings oppose, and 'states resist, in vain ;
No pow'r can shield them from my servile chain.
You'd think me, by my skill, some engineer,
That circumvents by art, not open war ;
For 'tis in sieges most consists my flight,
And fly scaladoes enterpris'd by night ;
Yet, 'spite of Sol, I oft' assert my sway,
And prostrate numbers in the face of day.
In my opponents this you may admire,
While they their gates keep open I must retire, }
But when they're shut, I compass my desire. }
Freedom to all my subjects I bestow,
But most on him, poor soul ! who weds a shrew.
Like mine no spell can o'er her tongue prevail ;
Xantippe, charm'd by me, would cease to rail.
I'm almost of an equal date with man,
And e'en in Paradise my power began ;
Since then no bounds my spacious empire knew,
Some after ages deified me too ;
But tho' t'adore me mortals now disdain,
My power is still throughout the world the same ;
Nor can the skill of man repel the charm,
'Till the last trump the universe alarm.

XXXVIII.

WITHOUT my aid no mortal can survive,
Yet I'm unknown to those I keep alive;
By me they move, and speak, and challenge
fame,
Yet none of them did ever see my frame.
I am the greatest friend that mortals know,
At other times I am a potent foe.
Yet while you read the vast immensity,
Vain is your greatest art, if turn'd on me.
Most authors term me of the female kind,
For they're the brightest works by Heav'n de-
sign'd;
Yet one advantage doth to me belong,
Their beauties fade, but I am ever young.

XXXIX.

THEY who first found me were within my
womb;
In fight I'm vanquish'd when I overcome;
The mistresses I court are very shy,
And, Parthian like, would kill me as they fly;
Yet ne'er was swain so constant as I am,
No breast e'er harbour'd so unfeign'd a flame;

For th'end of my pursuit and my desire
Is clasp'd in their embraces to expire ;
And then life from me does in transport fly,
For I ne'er truly live but when I die.

XL.

COEVAL with the world I lay conceal'd,
'Till my existence prying man reveal'd ;
Sometimes in caves and mountains make my bed,
And oft' beneath the waves in embryo hid ;
Nor ought I to deny the aid of strife,
By means of which I struggled into life :
Like animals I do subsist by breath,
Yet often by its force receive my death.
What sage Pythagoras of old maintain'd,
That souls departed still new bodies gain'd,
So I by change of habitation live,
And transmigrating, a new life receive.
Thro' me blest saints a certain passage find
To those immortal joys by Heav'n assign'd ;
Through me, too, sinners sink into a woe,
Beyond the power of present thoughts to know.
All men me court, and all alike me shun ;
I'm good to all, yet many have undone ;

Now

Now flourish, now decay, now die, now live ;
Now pleasure, and now pain, by turns I give ;
Substance and form in me are but a name,
For neither of the two I rightly claim ;
I'm spiritless and yet such force enjoy,
As all material beings shall destroy.

XLI.

THINK not, fair ladies, I'm a cheat,
Tho' I have never seen as yet
A hand I cou'd not counterfeit. }
Art took me from my mother's side,
And did a kinder nurse provide,
Whose care so far prevail'd, that soon
I found my native roughness gone ;
And from the rule that Nature takes
In the more lovely works she makes,
As when her wisdom strives to grace
With eyes and lips the human face,
In double births her work is seen,
And each to other proves a twin ;
'Tis thus I in the world appear,
No sooner form'd but am a pair.

I'm

I'm made the guard of female charms,
By them I was train'd up to arms,
And tho' I seem of gentle mien,
At combats I have often been ;
But tho' I seem to threaten war,
To shew how much I peace prefer,
The dearest friends have found in me,
When they would friendship's laws decree,
A well-known proverb, to declare
How very intimate they were.
By th' youth I'm claim'd for ravish'd blisses,
And made the fee of stolen kisses,
When with a tender tread, for fear
His step should wake the sleeping fair,
He prints upon her melting lip
The happy forfeiture of sleep.
I've such obliging ways about me,
There's scarce a visit made without me ;
And in my dress, where'er I go,
I sympathize with joy or woe.
When I at funerals appear,
My sable robes I always wear,
And have a suit of white beside,
Whenever I attend the bride.

It

It is my chieftest care to hide
The radiant diamond's sparkling pride ;
To keep the emerald's lovely green,
And the gay ruby's blush, unseen.
But stay till I'm retir'd, and you
The hidden furniture may view ;
Then may the youth a treasure see,
To touch it would a pleasure be,
The richest, softest ivory ;
May see of gems a radiant scene,
By th' wearer polish'd o'er again ;
May see a sapphire, proud to bear
A ringlet of the fair one's hair.
Then too the happy bride may see
Her pledge of bridal constancy,
Which, in a plain wrought circle bending,
Denotes a love that knows no ending,
And shews the ornament should be
Of truest love, simplicity.
Ladies, who have a hand at guessing,
Know it is you I'm now addressing ;
And by this time, the Muse depends, —
You have me at your fingers' ends.

}

XLII.

THO' a good foul I have, I can't hope to be
sav'd,

And in this world from first to the last am en-
slav'd ;

With irons they torture and tear my poor hide,
Then send me out naked ; yet such is my pride,
That in every assembly I strive for the lead,
Tho' it must be confess'd I am far from the
head.

My office the basest, I drink without thirst ;
And tho' cramm'd with raw flesh 'till I'm ready
to burst,

Should I offer to swell, I've of language the
worst ;

For my learning, it will a mere paradox show,
Tho' I understand great things, yet nothing I
know.

Tho' thus mean in myself, yet great Kings I
support,

Have access to the fair, am familiar at court,
And at balls have the principal share in the
sport.

XLIII.

XLIII.

SUBLIME, erect, I cut the yielding air,
A guide as certain as the morning star;
Turn'd like the eagle to the eye of day,
I with unwearied pinions wing my way,
And round large circles in the sun-beams play. }
I musically mount like morning lark,
And with sweet Philomela cheer the dark;
Then hang, with outstretch'd wings, in equal
poise,
Nor sinking down descend, nor soaring rise.
In single combat with a valiant foe,
I pluck'd the laurel from the champion's }
brow,
Giving both man and horse an overthrow. }
Within my house some ghostly fathers stand,
Taking first fruits and tythes without demand;
In robes of virgin innocence array'd,
As white as priest in new-wash'd surplice clad;
Yet they are said, like others in the land,
To have an evil heart and griping hand.

XLIV.

I CAME of the Cyclopean race,
Like them one eye adorns my face,
I'the middle of my forehead plac'd;
But all the works the Cyclops have
Wrought in their subterranean cave,
Even when, at Aphrodite's request,
They, on Æneas shield and crest,
The fate of future Rome foretold,
As poets fabuliz'd of old,
Were not so elegant and fine,
Or of such various kinds, as mine.
You'd judge me, by my equipage,
The greatest warrior of the age,
For if you do survey me round,
Nothing but steel is to be found;
Yet going armed cap-a-pee,
Like the old knights of errantry,
I am not famed for chivalry;
Giants or monsters I ne'er kill,
But tender ladies' blood I spill.

}

}

XLV. WITHIN

XLV.

WITHIN the bowels of the earth immur'd,
And with impenetrable rocks secur'd,
I undiscovered lay, 'till painful art
Withdrew me from my mother's tender heart ;
Some say I was engender'd by the sun,
In beds of adamant, to light unknown,
Which no prolific rays did ever pierce
Since the foundation of the universe ;
I search the depths of hidden mysteries,
And show the various changes of the skies ;
I warn the watchful shepherds of the plain
To guard their flocks from storms of snow or
rain ;

I show when Boreas thunders in the north,
And Æolus his den of winds lets forth ;
I teach the seedfman when to plough or sow,
And point the seasons when to reap and mow :
When I am crush'd, to a thousand globes I run,
As small as dancing atoms in the sun ;
Each floating particle, like rolling sand,
Trill back again, and join at my command :
So hissing snakes their young ones rally home,
Who to their mother's bowels quickly come ;

F°

When

When cut in two, the sever'd parts conjoin,
And by a plastic touch unite again.
Thro' sundry transmutations I am tofs'd;
And in variety of changes lost;
Sometimes I'm liquid fire, then soon become
A lump of lead, a caput mortuum;
Tho' th' alchymist dissolves my shatter'd frame
Into a thousand shapes, I'm still the same.

XLVI.

MY form is beauteous, to allure the sight,
My habit gay, of colour gold and white,
Most nicely shap'd, tho' of proportion small,
Admir'd by many, and belov'd by all.
When Sylvia takes the air, it is my pride
To walk with equal paces by her side;
Sitting, her silken lap becomes my nest,
And sleeping, I in her apartment rest;
I near her person constantly remain
A favourite slave, bound in a golden chain;
And, Oh! how blest would Sylvia's lover be,
Could he exchange estates with humble me!
Yet I, without delight, can near her stand,
Nor feel the charming touches of her hand;

And

And when she casts on me auspicious rays,
Blind and insensible of every grace,
I view no feature of her lovely face. }
Some hold that birds and quadrupeds, tho' seen
To walk and fly, yet move but by machine;
That all things, except humankind, they'll prove,
Not by instinct but hidden engines move.
Tho' empty speculations these, they'll be
Demonstrative whene'er they're spoke of me;
For tho' I can both speak and go alone, —
Yet are my motions to myself unknown.

XLVII.

WHEN the warm sun withdraws its genial rays,
And longer nights succeed declining days,
I to my winter's bed with haste repair,
Shunning th'inclemencies of the frozen air;
Within the hollow of a rock immur'd,
From all attacks of northern blasts secur'd,
In pleasing sleep I pass whole months away,
Nor see the setting sun and rising day;
No thirst disturbs me in my long retreat,
Nor keener hunger dictates when to eat:

While in the fetters of long sleep I'm bound,
My lazy blood ne'er circulates around ;
No spirits take their flight thro' ev'ry pore,
Inanimate I lie, and am no more,
Till Phœbus does with active heat return,
And calls me from my solitary urn,
To intimate the blooming spring is near,
And introduce the verdure of the year ;
When near some stately seat I fix my stay,
And sport and sing the merry hours away,
The sage philosopher, who all things knows, —
Shall tell my story, and my name disclose.

XLVIII.

SAY who I am, bright nymphs, for surely you,
Or none, can prove such paradoxes true,
As in the subsequent discourse you'll find :
No mortal is more constant to his friend
Than I ; and yet, on t'other hand, 'tis strange,
There's none more wav'ring, or more apt to
range ;
All known parts of the world I travel o'er,
Tho' a recluse, and ne'er stir out of door ;

By

By sea and land to ev'ry coast I come,
Tho', like the quack, I travel much at home;
To stand on picket, which the soldiers dread,
Enlivens me, who otherwise am dead;
Hanging's the last course does to some befall,
But I, unhung, can shape no course at all;
Yet soon as hung I scamper to and fro,
Looking out sharp quite round me as I go;
Although I have no eyes, nor can I rest
'Till I the object find I fancy best;
Whom I respect still with my noblest dart,
Altho' he is but of a stony heart.
I am remarkable for constancy,
Yet fickle mortals learn to rove from me;
Without doors I in houses am confin'd,
And tho' I am myself opaque and blind,
I so enlighten others, that they know
By me, tho' senseless, where they ought to go.
Thus I, by flat absurdities made clear,
Shall, tho' conceal'd, to the fair sex appear.

XLIX.

IN vain we stretch our thoughts to find
Subjects to puzzle human kind,

When common subjects seem to me
Ænigmas past discovery.
Within my body, small as 'tis,
Lurks many curious mysteries ;
Few can my genial atoms trace,
Or how I propagate my race ;
Tho' num'rous beings owe to me
Themselves and their posterity.
Of diff'rent size and colour too,
Cameleon like, of ev'ry hue,
Brown, speckled, yellow, black, or blue :
What's yet more strange, can make't appear,
I ramble almost ev'ry where ;
On earth, in air, at random play,
And o'er the boundless ocean stray ;
Of old, a valuable guest,
Sat uppermost at every feast ;
From whence a proverb I became,
Which ever shall preserve my name.
Some ancient learned mystics tell,
I represent the world so well,
No livelier symbol can be shown
Of its duration than my own :
Within my body central heat
Is fix'd, my ruin to complete ;

With

With different strata cover'd o'er,
Which must in time the whole devour;
So at the last tremendous day,
When sickening Nature shall decay,
When boiling seas, inflam'd, shall roar,
And streams of sulphur scorch the shore,
Volcanos rend the hills in twain,
Convulsions heave the tott'ring plain;
The found'ring earth, from her foundations tore,
Aborb'd in her own womb, shall be no more.

L.

MY head is well furnish'd without, you will
own,
But, to tell you the truth, of brains I have
none;
Yet, like those who're oblig'd to their wits for
their bread,
What keeps my teeth going does come from my
head;
My throat is but narrow, yet wide are my jaws,
I eat without chewing, my teeth are like claws;
As a child that is fed by its nurse, I ne'er eat,
But when I've another to chew me my meat;
'Tis

'Tis true she will taste when she feeds me, so let
her,
For the oftener she does so, it goes down the
better ;
Sorry music I make, yet a flute or a fiddle
Does not turn to account so much as this riddle.

LI.

THO' an odd kind of fowl, when you hit on
my name,
I'm sure you will own me a bird of the game ;
All my wings are well poiz'd, which in number
are four,
Tho' a few of my brethren are furnish'd with
more ;
They're white as a swan's, but the wonder's the
greater,
That my wings must be clipp'd to make me fly
better ;
And it's strange, since my body so small and so
light is,
That the longer my wings are, the slower my
flight is ;

And

And to tell you the truth, which must needs
 raise your laughter,
My body flies first, and my wings follow after ;
And it's easy to prove that I'm right in my no-
 tion,
Since the heavier my bulk is, the swifter my
 motion ;
Yet observe, and you'll find that my wings,
 when I rise,
Are before, but I turn them behind in a trice :
Tho' my body's in substance as small as a wren's,
Yet I toil and I spin for the good of my friends.
But when once my skill fails me, I meet with
 hard measure,
For I'm scorn'd and rejected, and trampled at
 pleasure ;
Tho' what could their fiercest resentments do
 more,
For they tofs'd me, and thump'd me, and box'd
 me before.
But it's strange, as the life of a silk-worm my
 trade is,
That I am not, like that, more in vogue with the
 ladies,

Unless

Unless they suspect us for common deceivers,
 'Cause, as spinsters, we borrow our name from
 the weavers.

LII.

OFFSPRING of an illustrious fire,
 A swarthy negro I aspire :
 As soon as born I post away,
 For people blame me if I stay ;
 A more unwelcome guest there's none,
 Stout men shed tears unless I'm gone :
 Why don't they kill me, then? you'll ask ;
 No, that's too difficult a task.
 But they my nature's frailty knowing,
 Leave me to work my overthrowing.
 Such is my constitution, I,
 Like modern libertines, soon die,
 By a full swing of liberty ;
 And men are oft' at no small charge
 To force me out to rove at large.
 When once got clear, in wanton pride,
 I, like the beggar mounted, ride,
 And vary shapes as Proteus did,
 Yet can I in no form lie hid ;

My

My dusky hue, which ne'er doth change,
Betrays me wherefoe'er I range ;
E'en till my death, which soons draws nigh,
For, to speak truth, th' Ephem'ron fly }
Reigns in his sphere as long as I ;
But in our fates this diff'rence lies,
He falls to earth, I mount the skies.

LIII.

IN foreign countries, from the fruitful earth,
By some auspicious hand I took my birth,
Since which I've travell'd round the spacious
sphere,
And by a knight was naturalized here.
With ev'ry peasant now familiar grown,
And much esteem'd in country and in town ;
With wond'rous ease I, in my tender youth,
Receive the bent of error or of truth ;
'Twas then that I went thro' as hot a coast
As any the terraqueous globe can boast ;
The scorching clime wrought strange effects on
me,
And made me whiter by a great degree.
Statesmen,

Statesmen, when dark debates o'erspread the
court,
To me, their sure asylum, straight resort,
And by my aid dispatch, in half an hour,
What puzzled all the house for twenty-four.
The poet owns my worth, implores my aid,
While supplerless he plies the gingling trade ;
'Thro' me inspiring emanations flow,
'That make his numbers soft as falling snow ;
'These noble virtues, which thro' me accrue,
Virgil and Homer I'm sure never knew,
With me pragmatic cits adjust the scale
Of peace and war, when greater statesmen fail ;
The patriot, lawyer, chimney-sweeper, gown,
Merchant, and porter, will my service own :
I'm justly valu'd for my doing good,
'The poor and hungry I supply with food,
And often give relief to men when ill,
Sometimes beyond the ablest doctor's pill.
My constitution is but weak, tho' sound,
But by kind usage will be lasting found ;
I, lady like, can shew a beauteous skin,
Yet, flatterer like, not always so within ;
By ladies I am treated with a slight,
Since I'm no friend to love or soft delight.

LIV. READER,

LIV.

READER, it is my hapless fate to be
 A slave to one who wears my livery,
 A person of vile character; in brief,
 A noted sabbath-breaker, and a thief;
 In saucy manner, he has often said
 He once did entertain a crowned head;
 No wonder, then, you hear him oft' complain,
 Whilst I'm at work the fellow to maintain;
 He takes his pleasure, and he lolls at ease,
 But takes due care my labour shall not cease;
 With endless tasks he keeps me still employ'd,
 As if my strength could never be destroy'd;
 But constant toil disorders inward breed,
 And wears my constitution out with speed;
 My bowels, sure prognostic of decay,
 With wind or water rumble night and day;
 My thirst is sometimes so intense, that I,
 You'd almost swear, would drink a river dry;
 And tho' I make large meals, I'm never sick
 At stomach, my discharges are so quick;
 Yet what I eat does me but little good,
 For all that I discharge is perfect food.

LV.

TO be drefs'd in the fashion, our taylor must
join
The emblems of York and the Lancaſter line :
From our titles, dear ladies, you will judge of
our worth,
As you like our deſcent, and the place of our
birth :
But you needs muſt indulge us the honours we
claim
From the ſcarlet we wear in his Maſteſty's name ;
While we ſtand rank and file, ſtout, gallant, and
gay,
Like tall grenadiers all in battle array ;
With our helmets as bright as the heroes that
ſhine
On the banks of the Seine, the Moſelle, and the
Rhine ;
Not the Britiſh dragoons, nor the heſtors of
France,
Nor the troops of the Dutch, in ſuch order ad-
vance ;
Tho', to own the plain truth, we are ſharpers
confeſt,
And a race but of brazen-fac'd upſtarts at beſt ;
Yet

Yet engag'd in your cause, on punctilios we
stand,
As much as the haughtiest lord in the land ;
When arrested, we're dragg'd by the head to
our duty,
And are doom'd to be slaves to the charms of a
beauty :
We act as trustees in behalf of the fair,
Their cambrics, and silks, and brocades are our
care ;
And, ladies, so earnest our zeal for our trust is,
That we hazard our necks in doing you justice ;
For you seldom complain of your hopes disap-
pointed,
Till our heads are lopt off, or our bodies dis-
jointed :
At your glass and your toilet we wait on you
still,
At the church, park, and play-house, tea, dice,
and quadrille ;
We rest on your lap, and we lean on your
arm,
We recline on your bosom, and on your head
swarm.

If we chance to displease you, we miss of our
aim,
For 'tis not our fault, but yourselves are to
blame:
To be plainer, and make all your trouble
amends,
We were, ladies, this morn at your fair fin-
gers' ends,
And, perhaps, kifs'd your lips too, to shew
we were friends.

LVI.

YE females polite, who in riddles delight,
Your regard and attention I crave ;
From my own native clime I'm exil'd for no
crime,
And by infidels sold as a slave.

Like your sex I am frail, yet to give a detail
Of my virtues and uses were endless ;
I assist two kind brothers, among many others,
Who, without my protection, were friendless.

By

By youth I'm despis'd, by the aged I'm priz'd,
 Yet befriend both the young and the old ;
 As in Spain they well know, and they publicly
 show
 That they value me next to their gold.

Like a careful physician, whose patient's con-
 dition
 Requires his assistance with speed,
 So I ride to relieve you, yet always deceive you,
 When you most of my help stand in need.

But if I should straddle too wide on my saddle,
 I hazard the being dismounted ;
 And if hurt by my fall, tho' the wound be
 but small,
 I am afterwards worthless accounted.

When exalted most, I'm more firm to my post,
 Then say not that I am ungrateful ;
 I am faithful and just, and true to my trust,
 Yet am at the same time deceitful.

Tho' I kindle that fire that doth friendship
inspire,
And do oft' conversation improve,
The amorous wight doth my services slight,
As a foe both to beauty and love.

In pulpit and pew I appear in your view,
With gravity suiting the place,
To Parliament too with his Lordship I go;
And trip it to Court with his Grace.

As all ranks and degrees of mankind I thus
please,
You sure must have heard of my fame;
Then, fair ones, adieu; I leave it to you
To tell, if you can, what's my name.

LVII.

WHILE I try to conceal what is so much in
sight,
You may think it is washing the Æthiop white;
But perhaps it may prove not so easy a task
To discover my being, hid under a mask;
Yet

Yet to help your conjectures, ere farther you
go,

From what kind of parents I spring you shall
know :

They are lively and useful, and decently dress,
And constant companions at night for the best ;
But their lives are so short, from the time they
began

To their end, may be literally counted a span :
They sleep half the time, if they live out a
week,

And when they're awake, are consumptive and
weak.

Still harder my fate, from such weak parents
born,

Tho' seen over night, yet scarce ever next
morn :

So nice are my organs, a strong-savour'd breath,
Or a stamp with the foot, brings immediate
death ;

And some of my brethren, more tender than I,
In less than a moment are born, live, and die.

Tho' so short is our time, not so trifling our
power,

We can many wild notions produce in an hour.

At

At our presence unusual convulsions abound,
And horror or joy run alternately round :
Myra, flatter'd with hope, is in extasy tofs'd,
Chloe, frozen with fear, is insensibly lost ;
Stella smiles, while Alexis, to comfort his dear,
Endeavours to prove there is no danger near.
'Tis only in women we raise a surprize ;
For the men, they will tell you our oracle lies.

LVIII.

IN May, the sweetest month of all the year,
When birds in tuneful concert first appear,
And beauteous prospects tell that summer's
near ;
When meadows are in blooming verdure seen,
The trees and hedges newly cloth'd in green ;
When nature's pride adorns the enamel'd fields,
Which to the industrious bee a harvest yields ;
Then are the beauteous nymphs and chearful
swains,
With rural sports, rejoicing on the plains,
Before the ripen'd corn employs the day,
Or the more pleasant harvest of the hay :
Their

Their chief diversion is by me supply'd ;
By force they tear me from my parent's side ;
They wound my tender form with burning steel,
And, like a traitor, rack me on a wheel.
'Tis I, by various ways, maintain the poor ;
Supply the rich, increase the merchant's store ;
Support the destitute in time of need,
And clothe the naked, and the hungry feed ;
Assist the statesman, and the priest defend,
Adorn the beau, and on the fair attend :
Inclin'd to ramble, tho' by law's decree,
Confin'd at home with strict severity ;
In borrow'd splendor I attend the great,
With various pomp on ev'ry courtier wait ;
For me the lawyer pleads with artful speech,
And active soldiers tempt the dang'rous breach ;
The poet writes for me no less than fame,
And those will find me near, who guess my
name.

LIX.

FROM what first artist I my being claim,
Authors are silent, records don't explain ;
Yet, as to neatness, usefulness, and dress,
My worth the frugal dame must needs confess ;
And

And as to forms, my great variety
The famous Euclid's fons can best descry ;
Nor varies more my shape than does my drefs,
And oft' my clothes my pedigree exprefs :
In homely cottages I oft' appear
In mean array, but yet am welcome there ;
But when to ladies I my visits pay,
Like them I sparkle, glitter, and look gay, }
As any birth-night beau, or flow'rs in May. }
To serve, to please, and to attend the fair,
Is still my ultimate my only care ;
Yet fuch my treatment is, and fuch my fate,
When nymphs and fwains their nuptials celebrate ;
When the fair blufhing bride is put to bed,
I'm fcorn'd, condemn'd, and dare not fhew my head ;
But when the chat of dad's own nofe goes round,
There's none more useful, none more welcome found ;
Nay, Zachary like, though dumb, who would fuppofe it,
I tell the infant's name, before the parfon knows it :

But,

But, ah ! ye cruel, ye ungrateful fair,
My wrongs are such, complaint I can't forbear ;
I, who your creature am, your friend, your
 slave,
In whom so many benefits you have,
For whose supply alone, deny't who can,
You oft' enjoy some hundred pounds per ann. ;
Yet thro' my bowels stabb'd with many a wound,
From your soft hands I oft' am prostrate found ;
Nay more, believe me, for I cannot lie,
Hanging is sometimes too my destiny.

LX.

TO aid your conception in ev'ry degree,
Concerning so shapeless a creature as me,
I'll tell you my birth, without any deceiving,
My strong constitution, and manner of living ;
To procure the ingredients my structure de-
 mands,
They oft' have recourse unto foreigners lands ;
To havoc the ocean, and murder at sea,
To purchase a part of what constitutes me :
In artful inclosure, a skin on each side,
Oh, grand imposition ! all favours deny'd ;

My

My stoutest assistant is barr'd from the light,
In fatal obscurity conceal'd from the sight ;
My body compounded and work'd into shape,
Or at least to a posture no monkey can ape ;
So enormous a monster as now I appear,
Devoid of a head, and without any ear ;
So artfully form'd, and produc'd into birth,
The like before never appear'd upon earth :
I'm grac'd with as crooked and awkward a snout,
Tho' not quite so long and so spacious, I doubt,
As much like a swine's as one pea to another,
And if I had nostrils, I'd call him my brother ;
My legs, I can venture to say within bound,
Are twelve, if not more, tho' they ne'er touch
the ground ;
And grant me the favour to raise your surprize,
In relating my wonderful number of eyes,
If narrowly search'd, more than thirty you'll
find,
And, strange to be told, they all centre behind !
The food that my kind benefactor bestows
I receive at my eyes, as my patron well knows ;
The provision I take never hinders my sight,
I receive it at noon, and discharge it at night ;
Yet

Yet tho' such a wonderful form I sustain,
So lumpish a monster, devoid of a brain,
With the ladies I bear an unlimited sway,
And always accomplish my labour by day ;
And then, like the rest of the world, I delight
To take my repose in the gloom of the night ;
My destin'd employment I never resume
'Till Sol has dispersed from Æther the gloom,
No swain but oft' wishes to be in my place,
For few ladies refuse me the closest embrace.

LXI.

WHEN the whole universe lay self-confin'd,
And worlds on worlds were in one chaos join'd,
Ere Nature's embrio ripen'd into birth,
Or motion was imparted to the earth,
Before the planetary dance begun,
Or peopled stars revolv'd about the sun,
I being had, and purity like mine
May boast of its original divine ;
And as its birthright claims the compliment
Of those who stile me the most excellent ;

H

Th'

Th' Omnipotent, who sits enthron'd on high,
In all the state of awful majesty,
Has so far honoured me, that I am one
Of those pure beings which attend his throne;
Nor is my residence to Heaven 'confin'd,
I'm present with and useful to mankind,
By whom I'm highly priz'd, since 'tis to me
They owe at least their chief felicity :
With an incredible celerity
From heav'n to earth I in a trice can fly ;
From whence returning can again as soon
Extend my flight beyond the silver moon,
And in few minutes lengthen out my race
Thro' the vast regions of unbounded space.
Tho' I have constantly been felt and seen,
My nature ever hath mysterious been,
Till a philosopher of worth and fame
Anatomiz'd me, and discern'd my frame.
A company of fond, conceited elves,
Would fain engross me wholly to themselves ;
How vainly, let th' observer judge, who sees
To what a height I Flora's charms increase.
Ye beauteous fair, who do that jewel prize,
Which with artillery furnishes your eyes,

Peruse

Peruse this Riddle, and, beyond all doubt,
Before you read it twice, you'll find me out.

LXII.

I'M of all kinds of vice, both of age and of
youth,
And of all kinds of virtue the feat ;
Wherever I'm present, e'en error is truth,
When absent, ev'n truth is a cheat.

To knowledge, indeed, I've no sort of pretence,
Tho' 'tis me that the parson applies to ;
Or I boldly thrust in, to judge of his sense,
Or whether he sense can arise to.

Thersites, possess'd not of courage nor love,
'Tis thought had but little of me ;
Achilles's actions sufficiently prove
I was his in the highest degree.

Sometimes I'm as mad as a March hare, or nigh,
Sometimes like a dog that is dead ;
Not woman herself alters oftener than I,
I mean, in the dress of her head.

In a casket, inclos'd with abundance of care,
From harm you wou'd think me secure;
At least, that no very great harm were my share,
So long as the shrine would endure.

Yet oft' in a terrible flame I'm involv'd,
When the casket can scarce be call'd warm,
As by lightning, they tell us, a sword is dissolv'd,
Yet the scabbard shall suffer no harm.

My owner, who loves me almost as his soul,
With the fair one yet ventures to leave me;
He loses me quite, she possesses me whole,
Tho' she never, perhaps, did receive me.

But still I my old habitation retain,
Ev'n after I'm turn'd out of doors;
And whilst he is seeking to fetch me again,
Ladies say what I am, and I'm yours.

LXIII.

KINGS reign o'er nations, I o'er kings bear
rule,
Bred up in Nature's rough, unpolish'd school,
I always

I always a tyrannic sceptre sway'd,
Yet in all places worship'd and obey'd.
My subjects know I'm of an ancient race,
And that my power can make men brave or base.
When towns are sack'd, and kingdoms are un-
done,

I lead the armies of both parties on ;
War's my delight ; the moment I was form'd
A war commenc'd, and high-born pow'rs I
arm'd ;

I liv'd before the Ammonian victor drew
His conquering sword, or nations did subdue ;
He, tho' by mighty Aristotle taught,
Without my aid the world had never got ;
But as I some men do to glory raise,
So others likewise I as much debase.
I'm always busy marching to and fro,
Dwelt once above the clouds, but now below ;
I visit ev'ry country, every town,
And oft' invisibly pass up and down ;
I'm parent of a num'rous offspring too,
But they're so ugly and so vile a crew,
I shall not name them, but leave that to you ; }

I'll only add, my devotees still find
 I'm of a temper rigid and unkind,
 And make two-thirds of those that serve me,
 blind,
 And when for me they've ventur'd life and fame,
 My boasted favours vanish like a dream.
 Thus much, you see, I freely have confess'd,
 And think you now with ease may guess the rest.

 LXIV.

WHAT is that syren, whose enchanting song
 Draws the unthinking multitude along;
 That feeds, with faithless hopes and luring bait,
 The poor deluded wretch she means to cheat?
 Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain,
 Yet seek her favours with unwearied pain:
 Th' unhappy bear her frowns, still led away
 With expectation of a better day;
 Th' ambitious court her smiles, only the wise
 Do her and all her gilded pomp despise;
 Her fairy kingdom, her fantastic good,
 Remote, alluring, nothing, nearer view'd.

LXV. OB-

LXV.

OBVIOUS to all, I sport on ev'ry plain,
Tasteless of joy, insensible of pain;
My wond'rous stature oftentimes is seen
To cover lands, and reach from green to green.
All other creatures from their birth enlarge,
And grow till Nature's finished her charge;
But I, 'tis strange, from my conception waste,
'Till life's half done, and half my days are past;
Then from my noon, as others from their morn,
I grow again, until I reach my urn:
No particles my wond'rous form compose,
Yet 'tis from substance that my birth arose;
No intellectuals can my being own,
Yet I by instinct move and go alone;
Amphibious is my nature, oft' I play,
And mock the sporting fishes in the sea;
With op'ning dogs the circling chace renew,
Fly with the hare, and with the hounds pursue;
Yet Sol ne'er saw me in his bright array,
Nor silver Luna from her azure way,
Tho' you behold me twenty times a day;
From light I fly as from a deadly foe,
Yet can in darkness no existence show.

LXVI. ALL

LXVI.

ALL ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth;
 How is the greatest Monarch blest'd,
 When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
 No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
 From me, or my embraces shun;
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite messenger of Jove
 And Lemnian god consulting, strove
 To make me glorious to the sight
 Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
 Soon would their altar's flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them fire.

LXVII.

WITH so much art my tender parts are }
 wrought,
 That ere my frame was to perfection brought, }
 I try'd the nicest hand and deepest thought,
 To see what fury reigns in human breasts,
 How soon by men are virtuous things oppress'd.

I'm

I'm soon confin'd within a narrow space,
 Where I have only room to shew my face ;
 There, like a branded villain, must appear,
 And large black letters on my visage wear ;
 A heavy load my new-form'd limbs sustain,
 And bear the girding thong or cruel chain :
 As sharpest trials truest virtue show,
 By this oppression I more useful grow ;
 To ease me of the burthen I sustain,
 I labour hard, nor should I strive in vain ;
 But men undo what I with pains have done,
 And make my task like Sisyphus's stone :
 But yet some signal favours I enjoy ;
 My frequent repetitions never cloy ;
 I twice a day repeat the self-same thing,
 Yet do each moment fresh advices bring ;
 Make what you've heard a thousand times amuse,
 And still the same dull story goes for news.
 Tho' hard I labour, yet my hand moves slow,
 And tho' I never stir my feet, I go.
 Men to my reck'ning things of moment trust,
 And tho' I ne'er told twenty, I can boast
 No Banker ever kept accounts more just ;
 Of what they spend I always give the sum,
 But never tell them how much more's to come.

LXVIII.

NOTHING was e'er so wretched, sure, as me !
So much despis'd, yet of so high degree.
My ancient great beginning few can tell ;
I did in Paradise with Adam dwell,
And bore him company before he fell. }
But, ah ! my still to be lamented case !
Oblig'd I was to quit that happy place :
Banish'd by him I lov'd, and headlong hurl'd,
To seek my fortune in a desert world,
Where but with sad encouragement I met,
And now in England scarce esteem can get :
Born to defend and to protect, yet I,
My worth not known, am doom'd to slavery ;
Not but that tho' eclips'd, and hid from light,
Yet still I reign, and in myself am bright.
The virtuous fair I richlier do adorn
Than bright Aurora does the radiant morn ;
Nor is that all ; the charmer need not fear
Th' approach of ill, while I her guard am near.
I've told you what my power and worth can do,
But to declare my name belongs to you.

LXIX. WHEN

LXIX.

WHEN from prolific Nature's bosom rose
The various beings which the whole compose,
I follow'd soon, a bliss each being shares,
Prop of their life, and solace of their cares ;
So great my power, of such extent my sway,
That all things breathing do my power obey ;
Depriv'd of me, man's life a burden proves,
Nor can he aught enjoy of all he loves :
'Midst plenty's store, and grandeur's ample field,
Invok'd to give the ease they cannot yield ;
And when my friendly help I do deny,
The mind is sunk in deep anxiety.
Some acts I do you'd almost think a joke,
Now fright, then please, and now to love pro-
voke ;
Like a sly thief, who to his plunder steals,
I've laid Eugene on his back, and tripp'd up
Marlborough's heels ;
Awhile I silence Mariamne's song,
And stop the music of Utrecia's tongue ;
Bid Blowza cease to charm, and have the lovely
three
In pleasing chains fast held, and sweet captivity ;
5 Exert

Exert my force o'er the whole rhyming band,
And shake o'er Grub-street bards my magic
wand.

The Muses' Chiefs no less for mine I claim,
And the same tribute from the sons of Fame.
In ancient times I Homer held at will,
Bear the same rule o'er Young and Thomson still;
And yet this power despotic as I have,
Like that of Heav'n, is only us'd to save
Many rich blessings from above design'd,
To succour daily and relieve mankind.
My comfort's such, that faints in me are bless'd,
And on my lap emphatically rest.
Ye fair, whose every grace I daily warm,
Each feature gild, and heighten every charm;
Try to resolve what I with art conceal,
And to the list'ning swains my name reveal.

LXX.

WALKING alone, and near th' approach of
night,

Where verdant beauties entertain'd my sight,
And clouds aloft with golden edgings bound,
And linnets fill'd the woods with tuneful sound,
A monster

She roves around the globe with every blast,
And past its dissolution she will last.

LXXI.

BEFORE the Eternal Mind, who dwells on
high,
Hung up the spangled curtains of the sky,
With wond'rous skill earth's firm foundations
laid,
Or scoop'd the wat'ry deep's capacious bed ;
Before their tow'ring heads the mountains rear'd,
Or shady woods and open lawns appear'd ;
Ere bubbling springs or fountains had begun
Thro' painted meads in crystal streams to run ;
Ere cheerful verdure cloth'd the naked field,
Or barren vales did blooming odours yield ;
I then with uncreated splendor shone,
And spread my beams around th' Almighty's
throne ;
Joyous before the Sov'reign prescience play'd,
Who with delight immense my heavenly form
survey'd ;
And when this universe, with perfect art,
He rais'd and cast in order ev'ry part,
The

The spheres that roll their steady course above
Prepar'd and taught the planets where to move,
When laws he to the swelling Ocean gave,
And bound in ropes of sand the raging wave,
To wand'ring clouds their airy flight assign'd,
And whence to blow inform'd the sleepy wind :
I then supreme did o'er the whole preside,
And in his awful work the sacred Founder guide.
Whate'er of good or excellent is found
Within the compass of this spacious round,
Compar'd with me they no regard can claim,
With me compar'd, can scarce deserve a name ;
Not half so beauteous is the dawning light,
Not half so fair the stars that gild the night ;
In vain the gems of Ophir's favour'd coast
Their dazzled lustre in my presence boast ;
Gay Orient pearls and gold in vain display
Their vanquish'd glories in my brighter day ;
Before me brilliant di'monds dimly shine,
And blushing rubies own my worth divine ;
Artists by me their subtle works devise ;
'Tis I with counsel sage instruct the wise ;
'Tis I who teach the Princes to command
By wholesome laws, and guide the scepter'd
hand,

LXXII.

NOR form nor substance does my being share,
I'm neither fire nor water, earth nor air ;
From motion's force alone my birth derive,
I ne'er can die, for I was ne'er alive ;
And yet with such extensive empire reign,
That very few escape my magic chain ;
Nor time nor place my wild excursions bound,
I break all order, Nature's laws confound ;
Raise schemes without contrivance or design,
And make apparent contradictions join ;
Transfer the Thames where Ganges waters roll,
Unite th' equator to the frozen pole ;
'Midst Zembla's ice bid blushing rubies glow,
And British harvests bloom in Scythian snow ;
Cause trembling flocks to skim the raging main,
And scaly fishes graze the verdant plain ;
Make light descend, and heavy bodies rise,
Stars sink to earth, and earth ascend to skies :
If Nature lie deform'd in wintry frost,
And all the beauties of the spring be lost,
Rais'd by my power, new verdure decks the
ground,
And smiling flow'rs diffuse their sweets around.

The

The sleeping dead I summon from their tomb,
And oft' anticipate the living's doom ;
Convey offenders to the fatal tree,
When law or stratagem have sent them free.
I view each country of the spacious earth,
Nay, visit realms that never yet had birth ;
Can trace the pathless regions of the air,
And fly with ease beyond the starry sphere :
So swift my operations, in an hour
I can destroy a town, or build a tow'r ;
Play tricks would puzzle all the search of wit,
And shew whole volumes that were never writ :
In sure records my myſtic pow'r's confeſt,
Who rack'd with cares a haughty tyrant's breaſt,
Charg'd in prophetic emblems to relate
Approaching wrath, and his peculiar fate.
Oft' to the good by Heav'n in mercy ſent,
I've arm'd their thoughts againſt ſome dire
event ;
As oft' in chains preſumptuous villains bind,
And haunt with reſtleſs fears the guilty mind,

LXXIII.

HOW oft' it appears that I'm lugg'd by the
ears,
And thrust almost into the fire,
Where I heave, pant, and groan, yet none pity
my moan,
Altho' I seem near to expire.

Like an Old-Bailey blade, who refuses to plead,
I am press'd back and belly together ;
And what passes belief, I'm hung up like a
thief,
Tho' I never did injury neither.

LXXIV.

YOUR attention I crave, and I hope that I
have
A name that you wish me to bear,
Since thousands possess me, and gladly care for
me,
Attended with doubt and with fear.

But

But a cent'ry ago, my worth none did know,
Tho' my fame now so far off is flown ;
My size is but small, and my shape square
withal ;
An income I bring to the Crown.

Let it also be told that I'm bought and am sold,
Like a transport from hence to Virginia ;
And (for sake of the rhyme) I change with the
time,
But of labour I never did any.

Yet I'm hir'd by the day, and mark what I say,
My existence from numbers I claim ;
By a magical touch, my nature is such,
I am something or nothing by name.

LXXV.

IN many a curious wreath around
A well-turn'd pillar I am bound,
With which no Grecian orders vie
For beauty and just symmetry.
Tho' I'm allow'd to rival all,
My rise is owing to a fall ;

And

And now advanc'd in courts I live,
From whence no honour I receive,
Yet honours to the great I give.
Me the coy virgin strives to hide,
But soon discloses when a bride ;
Me the discarded lover finds
A certain cure for love-sick minds.

}

LXXVI.

THE basest foe and choicest friend,
Pleasures on me and plagues attend,
All seek me, and for me contend,
The pride and strength of nations.
Kingdoms I ruin, Crowns betray,
The hearts of Kings and subjects sway,
A pretty thing I am at play,
And still direct the passions.

LXXVI. WHY

LXXVII.

WHY should I be aſham'd to tell
Or what I am, or where I dwell,
Or veil my wrinkled face?
When all mankind my charms approve,
At my approach melt into love,
And fondly me embrace.

As to my origin, I ſwear
'Tis probable I'm very near,
If not as old as Adam;
In this I am not abſolute,
But yet dare venture to diſpute
The point with Sir or Madam.

A type of marriage I am deem'd,
A ſtation is by moſt eſteem'd,
Who chooſe a virtuous life;
For I conſiſt of ſweet and bitter,
And nothing, ſurely, can be fitter
T'expres the man and wife.

Tho' I'm in castle strong immur'd,
And by a triple wall secur'd,
 To keep me from all harms,
Yet do my lovers find a way,
By force, or with a golden key,
 To rifle all my charms.

But I am of the oddest nature,
The most unthinking, passive creature,
 That ever earth produc'd ;
I value friends no more than foes,
And long experience plainly shews
 I thrive best when abus'd.

I'll tell you farther, but don't vex,
I have the advantage of your sex,
 Rarely my charms decay ;
For young and tender I can please,
And lovers with my years increase,
 Which few of you can say.

LXXVIII.

MY beauteous form shall female art display,
Whose powerful charms bear universal sway;
The blushing morning opens not more fair,
When bright Aurora clears the dusky air.
Behold the rural nymph, by nature dress'd,
There you may find my features strong ex-
press'd;

Delight of Venus and the God of Love,
Ador'd by all below, carefs'd above:
Me to her snowy breast Clarissa takes;
Of me Alexis gay a proverb makes;
Me the Divine with equal joy receives,
To me superior beauty, beauty gives.
Emblem of innocence! by all approv'd,
While living courted, and when dead belov'd;
Yet from my parents when I rashly stray,
My charms, like yours, fair ladies, will decay;
No charms than mine more lovely to the eye,
Untouch'd, I flourish;—press'd, I fade and die.

LXXIX. ÆNIG-

LXXIX.

ÆNIGMAS, anciently the veils of science,
Which with philosophy held close alliance,
Laugh'd at by Addison, by Pope allow'd,
A Swift's amusement, problems for the crowd,
Yet keep in vogue, and are allow'd to be
Fit spurs to thoughtless, dull stupidity.
But here we must avoid, good critics say,
Total obscurity and open day.
How strict the rule, how difficult the task,
To shew the features, yet retain the mask !
'Tis own'd few Riddles justly claim esteem,
But such as equally shun each extreme ;
And if fit subjects should be fix'd upon,
For there may be improper ones, you'll own,
Then I'm as fit a theme as can be chose ;
Darkness and day-light equally my foes ;
Betwixt each wide extreme I keep the middle,
In this the very emblem of a Riddle ;
A mere non-entity, when darken'd most,
And if too much enlighten'd, quickly lost.
Short are my visits in the torrid zone,
In northern climates I am better known ;
The Gothic bats and sage Athenian owls
I please, as well as those sharp-sighted fowls

That hail my first appearance, not my stay,
Still better pleas'd when I'm gone quite away ;
Oft' when in me the virgin blush appears,
'Tis deem'd a frown, and sure preface of tears,
And yet that blush, when next I'm seen again,
Gives hope and comfort to the anxious swain ;
But most I cheer, when venerably grey,
And just expiring, all my brightest charms display.

LXXX.

FROM foreign parts I come to Albion's isle,
To please the fair ones, and their cares beguile ;
By me the fair their wit and humour show,
By me they often tell their friend or foe :
I've travell'd all this nation o'er and o'er,
And grown each day in favour more and more ;
But, Oh ! what fate on favourites attends !
I'm doom'd a sacrifice for other's ends :
In a dark cell confin'd, from thence I'm try'd
By Justice Balance, one who never ly'd ;
My sentence pass'd, to execution led,
By my friends too, yet I no danger dread ;

K

Freely

Freely submitting, but exempt from pain,
Like martyr'd saints o'er death triumphant reign;
Attending lovers spill my dying blood,
Which guiltless swells a running crystal flood.

LXXXI.

LADIES adore the shrine that sends
Good reputation many friends;
I make you noble, tho' you're base;
In birth 'tis I that gives you grace;
I make you handsome, if deform'd;
The ugly are by me reform'd:
As thro' the maze of life you run,
What paths you tread, and what you shun,
Are taught by me, and by my sway
Inspir'd, I point the doubtful way;
I'm constant, and sincere as truth,
In age no more decay'd than youth;
In ev'ry way exact and nice,
Well bred, and free from ev'ry vice:
Search all the ample world around,
No brighter jewel can be found;
I this can say, and without shame,
Nothing is worthy greater fame.

LXXXII. AN

LXXXII.

AN endless maze, involv'd in shades of night,
I am, but all my inner parts are light ;
Plac'd on my left, nine ready Bankers stand,
Who pay me all the fums that I demand ;
Intrinsically rich as I am poor,
Yet I with millions can increase their store ;
Tho' Courts of Justice pay me deference,
And I'm allow'd by them to speak my sense,
I never preference claim, nor meet disgrace,
For I am most esteem'd when last in place :
I make no figure thro' earth's spacious round,
Yet do I all the works of Nature bound.

LXXXIII.

FROM small beginning, and extraction low,
To wealth and plenty by degrees I rose ;
All pleas'd to see me thrive and greater grow,
And none at first to my advancement foes.

At length rebellious slaves, who eat my bread,
Bound and convey'd me to my native soil,
Then leaving me with blows and bruises dead,
Did me of all my treasure rudely spoil.

Such my hard fate, 'till some ingenious friend
Kindly contriv'd to raise me up again,
And did both skill and pains to fit me lend,
For that high office that I now sustain.

Have you not seen the glitt'ring helmet ward
From the brave hero's head the hostile blow?
'Tis mine, like that, the fair from harm to
guard,
Who never was nor will be beauty's foe.

This task their favours gratefully requite,
Gay silk and ribbons of their gift I wear,
And when clear skies to pleasing walks invite,
I still am call'd on to attend the fair.

LXXXIV.

BLOSSOMS fair, and blooming flow'rs,
Adorn my tender, infant hours,
Within a downy, verdant bed,
I repose my sleeping head;
Proudly stalk upon the ground,
'Till I'm with bulk and stature crown'd;

Yet

Yet then so fatal is my lot,
That I'm sure to go to pot;
Dragg'd like a felon to my end,
Tho' guiltless, and did ne'er offend;
The lovely fair one, with black eyes,
Does with engaging charms surprize;
But when, alas, I'm so adorn'd,
Neglected, or am sometimes scorn'd,
Tho' I can shew the nicest dress,
Secure I am not, ne'ertheless,
But oft' expos'd to rack and manger,
And made a prey by friend or stranger.

LXXXV.

ME the fair with pleasure eye,
The first of Flora's progeny,
In virgin modesty appear,
To hail and welcome in the year;
Fearless of winter, I defy
The rigour of th' inclement sky,
And early hasten forth to bring
The tidings of approaching spring;
Tho' simple in my dress, and plain,
I usher in a beauteous train,

Shewing, how gaudy e'er they be,
The merit of precedence ;
All that the gay or sweet compose,
The pink, the vi'let, and the rose,
In fine succession as they blow,
Their glories to my aspect owe ;
By which the charming fair may tell
What I am, and where I dwell.

LXXXVI.

OF all my race, there is not one
Men covet more than me to shun ;
For I spread poverty and woe,
And terror, wheresoe'er I go ;
But yet, poor wretch ! (so Fate inclines)
I still pervert my own designs ;
Seek after happiness in vain,
And in the search add pain to pain.
My conscience robs my soul of rest,
And leaves a dart within my breast ;
For I, by utt'ring three short words,
Lose all the comfort life affords :

'Tis true, I hazard it each day,
And run great risks in search of prey;
For which some people count me brave,
Tho' I'm to fear an abject slave;
Start at the shadow of a rush,
And see a fiend in every bush.
Oh! how much more heroic they,
Who combat fate another way;
Who to the field of battle fly,
And in the bed of honour die,
While I, to infamy assign'd,
Leave nothing but a stench behind.
Ye petty officers of state,
Reflect and learn from my sad fate,
For past offences to atone,
Lest it should prove one day your own.

LXXXVII.

STREPHON, who, in the fields, for anguish
Caus'd by disastrous love, did languish,
Spy'd a physician, who, as sure
As other doctors kill, can cure;
Consumptions deep, and hectic fevers,
Still find relief from his endeavours;

Who

Who ne'er abroad for skill did roam,
Tho' travell'd much, but ne'er from home ;
His function by his garb you'll know,
In decent grey you'll see him go,
He moves with Spanish gravity,
And shews some men their destiny.

LXXXVIII.

THE name of a Christian I always do bear,
And a guardian I always am found to the fair ;
The brightest of whom so admire my charms,
That they let me embrace them, and lie in their
arms.

In a state so admir'd, who so happy as I,
That can rival the lover, e'en when he is by :
My colour oft' varies, and likewise my shape,
And different classes and sexes I ape.

LXXXIX.

THO' small my extent, yet my service is great,
I on admirals, heroes, and travellers wait,
Who oftentimes me as attentively view,
As you, ladies, your lovers, or I perhaps you.
Tho'

Tho' I'm not very learn'd, yet I silently teach,
 And give you that knowledge which parsons
 can't preach;
 And kingdoms more certain than they can de-
 vise
 I explain to your sense, without thought or
 surprize;
 I'm instructive and pleasant, and give you
 delight;
 I defend you from cold, and I screen you from
 sight;
 To the Indies I'm carried, as far as Bengal,
 Yet at home I appear in your parlour or hall.

XC.

LIKE a worm without legs I am made, you
 must know,
 And, like that, I'm compell'd on my belly to
 go,
 Whereon if you lay your soft hands, you may
 feel
 Me as slipp'ry, as smooth, and as sleek as an
 eel;

My

My complexion resembles the swarthy Egyptian,
Tho' my shape is so odd, it defies all description ;

I've an ear at my back, very large, you will find,

And my nose is before, and my mouth is behind !
Such a terrible strange constitution I've got,

The food that I eat is most times scalding hot ;
Which for want of digestion grows cool by degrees,
Tho' I as I like can disgorge it with ease :

When my stomach is empty I'm lazy and dull,
But brisk as a beau when my belly is full ;

My time in the ladies' fair service I spend,
Who more than the coxcomb I'm found to be-
friend.

XCI.

FROM foreign parts, ye British fair, I come,
A stranger, yet pray use me well at home ;

For by my habit I appear to be

As smart a fellow as e'er cross'd the sea :

I English speak incomparably well,

And many a tale and pretty story tell.

Train'd

Train'd for the ladies, I at school was bred,
But am the sport of many a loggerhead;
I own I'm not, like you, with reason fraught,
Or, ten to one, I had been better taught :
Tho' I attempt to reason and dispute,
I, like a serious student, oft' sit mute ;
Yet ape the noisy, frivolous, and vain,
And, wrangler like, can impudence maintain.
One hint I'll add, I bear a Christian name,
Tho' born a Pagan ; who do you think I am ?

XCII.

AS direful omens oft' portend
The fall of kingdoms and their end,
So that which still presages me,
Is to reverse their destiny ;
Yet I, unmindful of alarms,
Rove, daring on with threat'ning harms,
I make the stoutest hero yield,
And with regret soon quit the field ;
Whole legions from my wrath retire,
With haste seek refuge from my ire ;
For soon as I begin to frown,
I'm dreaded then in camp and town ;

I with

I with a thousand darts outfally,
Impetuous at one single volley ;
Armour against me ne'er was proof,
For I assail thro' coats of buff;
I no respect to greatness shew,
To country clown, or city beau,
But dauntless traverse o'er the plain,
Nor day nor night my course restrain,
Until my rapid fury's past,
Which is dispell'd but with a blast ;
Then all is blithesome, young, and gay,
And buxom nature seems to play.

XCH.

YE mechanics, I'm found mostly taking my
round,
Before ye can quit your employ :
The first part of the day, when the farmer
makes hay,
He generally sees me with joy.

If my countenance shines, then I suit his designs,
And also his slaves at command ;
While I am his guest, they commonly rest,
With a luncheon and pitcher in hand.

But

But if I resort to the nobles at Court,
A superior behaviour I see ;
Our Sov'reign don't taste of his splendid repast,
'Till after he's parted with me.

When ladies are drest in their richest and best,
I not often presume to make one ;
Unless with a bride, when the knot is just ty'd,
Its improper that I should be gone.

There my limits are set, which I never regret,
Just a witness I'm made to the bond ;
My two namesakes and friends on each side me
attend,
As the last of them stands, I abscond.

One fix'd moment I keep for a national sleep,
Tho' different voices proclaim
My arrival aloud, and impose on the croud,
By falsely recounting my name.

In all cities I'm seen, and on each pleasant
green,
Where the fair ones approve of my power ;
From August to May all wish me to stay,
Tho' I cannot so long as an hour.

XCIV.

I AM a biter sharp, which soon you'll feel,
 But beauteous forms can many faults conceal;
 Like those I'm garnish'd with alluring gloss,
 Attract admirers, who neglect my loss;
 I clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
 Yet perish those who stood before in need;
 Kill and destroy the blooming and the young,
 Make haste to blast, for soon my reign is done.
 A potent friend unfetters and sets free
 Those I've in hold that were seduc'd by me, }
 A birth-night lustre in my form you see.
 His power soon conquers my relenting frame,
 With tears I cease, and weeping lose my name;
 Before this chief my whole enchantment flies,
 He looks, and all my treacherous beauty dies.

XCV.

NATURE the richest of her pleasures gave
 The artful structure of my frame to build;
 Tho' I no proper life nor motion have,
 Mankind to me their awful homage yield.

Best

Best part of kings imprison'd are by me ;
To give me place they gladly think it fit ;
When rivals seek to give them liberty,
They'll fight and die, for fear of gaining it.

The hands that made me, ne'er my right pos-
sefs,
The hands that gave me ne'er my owners were ;
Nor they who win me hardly e'er can guess
How dearly bought their wish'd-for conquests
are.

XCVI.

LET kings and tyrants trust no more,
To vassals and despotic power ;
By Nature's law to me is given
The greatest power under Heaven ;
The proudest monarchs I confine,
Who silently themselves resign,
And own obedience, by a nod,
To me more than a demi-god.
So universal is my sway,
That high and low my laws obey ;

Yet, least of all, th' industrious few,
Who oft' withhold the tribute due,
Yet own my power, and bless it too.
When strife tumultuous threatens high,
None can appease't so well as I ;
When arguments successful prove,
Nor duty, gratitude, and love,
The jarring contest can remove,
By softest means, such is my power,
I calm the rage, and peace restore ;
But tho' such wonders I perform,
To still a tempest, lay a storm,
Before intemperance footing gain'd,
My empire was where darkness reign'd ;
But now bright Sol, with blushing ray,
Is witness of my potent sway ;
Nay more, tho' 'tis a shame to tell,
I'm in the churches known too well,
But in the play-house seldom dwell.
If more of me you seek to know,
Enquire not of the sons of woe,
But of the happy and the gay,
Who to me ready homage pay ;
Tho' while they in my power remain,
Should you enquire, 'twill be in vain.

XCVII.

IN eastern climes, where ancient Nilus laves
 The neighb'ring plains with his nutritious waves,
 I first appear'd on earth, and there began
 To execute my vengeance upon man,
 Whom I oppress'd with wide-destroying hand,
 Nor could all earthly help my power withstand.
 Six letters form my name, but, what is strange,
 In losing two, I suffer little change ;
 The diff'rence only this, when six I had,
 Where'er my quick destroying hand I laid,
 The mortal wretch was well, was sick, was
 dead. }

Possess'd of only four, I cannot kill,
 Yet I remain man's sore tormentor still :
 But what's more strange, tho' I've two letters
 less,

Yet I in syllables receive increase.
 Let this suffice, I dare not tell you more ;
 Guess the six letters, and you'll know the four.

XCVIII.

FAIR ladies, treat me not with scorn;
From fordid earth though I was born,
The face of innocence I wear,
But yet a stain I often bear;
Like you, when sully'd, in disgrace,
I seldom chuse to shew my face;
Yet there's some diff'rence twixt us two,
A blot's not fatal, as to you;
Lost reputation I regain,
A blot with you for life's a stain;
Tho' for my faults I penance do,
And fiery trials undergo,
Like gold, refin'd, with greater worth
And elegance, I thence come forth;
And tho' with failings I abound,
With no small favour am I crown'd:
At all grand feasts I claim a place,
And am much honour'd by his Grace.
Advanc'd, yet can I lowly be,
With greatness mix humility;
For I to servants condescend,
And often stand the butler's friend;

To scullions too at last I truckle,
And to the meanest office knuckle;
Such fate attends all things below,
Which flows and ebbs of fortune know.
In scorn at length away I'm thrown,
Like other beauties beauty gone:
Some selfish friend, to serve a turn,
May for my relics shew concern,
Which then, through many a transmigration,
Attain at last another station.
Ballads I carry on my back,
Or tell the feats of Tyburn Jack;
Or vend mundungus, rhyme to hit on,
Smoak in black tube of Cambro Briton:
Hard case with one who'd heretofore
A field which woods and castles bore;
Not such, when from Ierne's land
I came, carefs'd, and kifs'd your hand.

XCIX.

TO man, to worms, and to the fruitful earth,
And beasts of certain kinds, I owe my birth;
But I to gain my form, Oh! cruel shock!
Am tortur'd first, then nailed to a block;
Yet

Yet freed from thence, I greatly am carefs'd,
 And in the robes of innocence am dress'd;
 I then can shew a thousand circling charms,
 I too can shield you from aerial harms :
 No wonder, then, if I'm to pride inclin'd,
 And such my lot, I chiefly sit behind ;
 And tho' in station almost over all,
 Am still oblig'd, hard case ! to 'tend a call ;
 My master too does often me disgrace,
 And nought allows to me but empty space ;
 Permits a tyrant o'er me to preside,
 By whose rude shocks my tender frame's de-
 stroy'd.

C.

LADIES, a band of brothers claim your view,
 Born at one birth, and instantaneous too ;
 Yet we, like other beings, undergo
 In our completion various scenes of woe ;
 Vulcanean wrath our tender frames abide,
 And scorching engines o'er our bodies slide :
 Various as Harlequin in Drury-lane,
 Our habits differ as the fashions reign,
 But every brotherhood one dye retain.

} Sometimes

Sometimes the robes of innocence we wear,
In red, or black, or what you please, appear;
Oft' we in gold refulgent walk the mall,
Or, cas'd in silver, glitter at a ball;
We're priz'd by men of high and low degree,
From peasant in his cot to majesty.
Ye ladies fair, you likewise we befriend,
And neighbours to the star, his Grace attend.

CI.

I WAS born in a forest, and wear a green head,
And with green heads am compass'd full oft',
Some younger, some older,
Some sly and some bolder,
Some harder, and some very soft.

As various specks on my face do appear,
Of different colours and shapes,
So intent on the matter,
Some grin and some chatter,
Like a parcel of monkies and apes.

By

By nature I'm harmless, but not so by art,
The art not my own but my neighbour's;
If you suffer by me,
Your own fault it must be,
And you'll e'en take your pains for your labours.

CII.

WHAT tho' no Iris on her gaudy bow
More colours boasts, than on my body glow,
Tho' birds and insects, beasts, and man, their
king,
To aid my charms their various tributes bring,
Tho' form'd for fraud, yet I respect the fair,
You've nothing, ladies, from my charms to
fear;
Like the laborious bee, retired in cell,
While winter frosts prevail, I lonely dwell;
But when returning suns bid zephyrs play,
Forth, like the bee, I roam, in search of prey;
And now the air, with pointed wings, I cleave,
Now soft descend, and kiss the gliding wave,
Arm'd too with mortal sting I skip and dance,
And what, ye fair, will your surprize enhance,
Who

Who boldly dares with lips to touch my face,
Instant I feize, and kill in the embrace.
But, ah ! on me a thousand ills attend,
Which brings me oft' to an untimely end ;
Devout, thro' pathless air I oft' am tofs'd,
Oft' in the brake or dreary waste am lost ;
Oft' caught by those I cheat, I'm captive led,
And in betraying, am myself betray'd.
Thus disappointed in my fraudulent care,
I find below a living sepulchre.

CIII.

TO great and noblest beings I'm ally'd,
Yet not by blood to any kindred ty'd ;
At the first dawn of life I meet my doom,
Unless to my relief kind succours come ;
But so perverse my nature, such my pow'r,
Those that receive and lodge me I devour ;
Yet others' wants I do in turn supply,
And, urg'd by their commands, like light'ning
fly.

As thro' the town your rapid chariot wheels,
You oft' may see me at your horses' heels ;

Nay,

Nay, let me chuse my ground, with all his
strength,
Your fleetest steed can't leave me half a length.
In poetry an emblem I appear,
And serve at ev'ry turn the brave and fair;
I urge in fight the heroes to engage;
I teach the bard to sing the battle's rage;
No lover yet e'er felt the pleasing dart,
Nor Sappho could without me paint the smart.
For me the fair their passion oft' confess,
When by my name their lovers they express,
Who in return, beauty's great force to prove,
Call by a kindred name the maid they love.

CIV.

BY art and labour torn from Nature's bed,
My maker fashion'd me without a head;
My body's thick and short, and long my nose is,
In shape much like an elephant's proboscis:
Like him too I've a turret on my back,
But legs and feet I very often lack.
Sometimes by your fair hands I'm kindly press'd,
By you I'm highly valu'd and caress'd;

Say

Say how I gain your favour and esteem,
That such an awkward shapeless creature seem ;
I have an younger brother tall and smart,
Your fav'rite too, almost my counter-part :
Dear ladies pray mistake not him for me,
Amongst your sex I'm more esteem'd than he ;
With rural nymphs I'm seen of ruddy hue,
Tho' mostly fair, and brilliant with you,
With them am clad in homely brown, or fable,
But seldom in that garb attend your table ;
Then I am neat and elegantly deck't
To honour you, and shew your friends respect.
When you command submission, I attend,
Your faithful servant, and your warmest friend :
My dearest blood I spend to serve the fair,
And herald-like your pedigree declare.
Now ladies while the cards are dealing try
To find me out, perhaps I may be nigh ;
But pray despise me not, nor think me base,
When you pluck off the mask, and see my brazen
face.

CV.

FAIR ladies, who in abstruse riddles deal,
Attend while I my properties reveal,

M

Gentle

Gentle as you by nature I appear,
With smiles you meet me, and with pleasure
hear :

Deep secrets are entrusted to my care,
And court intrigues and politics I share ;
At church, at balls, at op'ra, or a play
Great is my pow'r, and uncontroul'd my sway ;
Gay belles and beaux, the witty and the vain,
With pleasure seek me, tho' they keep with
pain.

I once love's am'rous embassies convey'd
'Twixt a fond lover, and as fond a maid ;
So Ovid sings, and still I often prove
Of use to lovers, and a friend to love ;
But trust me not too far, ye beauteous fair,
Of your good names and characters beware ;
For I to deal in scandal much am found,
And in the dark your reputation wound ;
Of truth, the nature artfully disguise,
And vent my spleen in obloquy and lies :
Hence in the sacred page my evil name,
Stands strongly branded with reproach and
shame :

Ladies permit me one more truth to own,
'Tis by your sex that I am mostly known.

CVI.

IN ancient days my early reign began
To civilize the brutal race of man ;
For ages uncontroul'd I reign'd alone,
But now a younger brother shares the throne ;
Yet still in love and interest we agree,
And entertain a perfect harmony.
When first to fair Britannia's isle I came,
Few knew my worth, or quality, or name ;
Long veil'd in dark obscurity I lay,
Or shed by stealth a partial glimm'ring ray ;
In time my native drefs aside I threw,
And all my hidden stores disclos'd to view :
To me mankind their greatest blessing owe,
Did they their happiness but truly know ;
Yet as I merit, seldom am I priz'd,
By many scorn'd, insulted, and despis'd :
In some I joy create, in others fear,
And wipe from the distress'd the falling tear ;
Princes and potentates are often known
To claim my aid that lifts them to the throne ;
And subjects too, but false pretending friends,
My favour court, to serve their private ends.

Disputes I often innocently cause,
Tho' peace I favour, and support the laws ;
Hence, fraught with malice and envenom'd rage,
Contending foes in my behalf engage ;
Give judgement as their diff'rent passions move,
And something in me censure or approve.
Ye lovely fair, against whose piercing sense
The darkest myst'ries prove a weak defence,
Discover to the world my wond'rous name,
And prove that your regard I justly claim.

CHA.

CHARADES.

I.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY.

PERMIT me, Madam, with the most profound respect, for once to come into your presence, and, by dividing myself, add greatly to my consequence. So exalted am I in the character of my *first*, that I have trampled on the pride of kings, and the greatest potentates on earth have bowed to embrace me ; and yet the dirtiest kennel in the dirtiest street is not too foul to have me for its inmate. In my *second*, what infinite variety ! Rich as eastern Nabobs, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence. I am mild and gentle as the spring, yet savage and cruel as the wintry blast ! I am young, beautiful, and blooming, yet old, deformed, and withered ! From the highest authority, I dare pronounce myself, Madam, your superior, though few are the instances that prove it, and ten thousand are the proofs against. I am—but your Ladyship is tired, and wishes my re-union ;
it

it is done ; and I have only the merit of remaining, as at first,

Your Ladyship's obedient servant.

II.

MY *first*, with the most rooted antipathy to a Frenchman, prides himself, whenever they meet, upon sticking close to his jacket. My *second* has many virtues ; nor is its least, that it gives name to my first. My *whole*, may I never catch !

III.

MY *first* is one of England's prime boasts ; it rejoices the ear of a horse, and pains the toe of a man. My *second*, when brick, is good ; when stone, better ; when wooden, best of all. My *whole* is famous alike for rottenness and tin.

IV.

MY *first* is ploughed for various reasons, and grain is frequently buried in it to little purpose. My *second* is neither riches nor honours ; yet the former would generally be given for it, and the latter

latter are often tasteless without it. My *whole* applies equally to spring, summer, autumn, and winter; and both fish and flesh, praise and censure, mirth and melancholy, are the better for being in it.

V.

MY *first* is equally friendly to the thief and the lover, the toper and the student. My *second* is light and opposite; yet they are frequently seen hand-in-hand, and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My *whole* is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, fatal to the taste.

VI.

MY *first*, however here abus'd,
Designs the sex alone;
In Cambria, such is Custom's pow'r,
'Tis Jenkins, John, or Joan.

My *second* oft' is loudly call'd,
When men prepare to fift it;
Its name delights the female ear,
Its force may none resist it.

It

It binds the weak, it binds the strong,
 The wealthy and the poor;
 Still 'tis to joy a passport deem'd,
 For fully'd fame a cure.

It may ensure an age of bliss,
 Yet mis'ries oft' attend it;
 To fingers, ears, and noses too,
 Its various lords commend it,

My *whole* may chance to make one drink,
 Tho' vend'd in a fish-shop;
 'Tis now the monarch of the seas.
 And has been an archbishop.

 VII.

MY *first* is called bad or good,
 May pleasure or offend ye;
 My *second* in a thirsty mood
 May very much befriend ye.

My *whole*, tho' styl'd a "cruel word,"
 May yet appear a kind one;
 It often may with joy be heard,
 With tears may often blind one.



KEY TO THE RIDDLES.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1 ICE. | 18 Comb. |
| 2 Tobaccco. | 19 Marriage. |
| 3 Snuffers. | 20 Oyfter. |
| 4 Jealousy. | 21 Figure of 9. |
| 5 Weaver's Shuttle. | 22 Death. |
| 6 Wind. | 23 First of April. |
| 7 Love. | 24 Patience. |
| 8 Shadow. | 25 Nail. |
| 9 Pen. | 26 Serpent. |
| 10 Conscience. | 27 Paper. |
| 11 Silver. | 28 Seal. |
| 12 Picture. | 29 Darknefs. |
| 13 No. | 30 Tea-pot. |
| 14 Almanack. | 31 Hope. |
| 15 Bell. | 32 Parrot. |
| 16 Time. | 33 Echo. |
| 17 Looking-glass. | 34 Ambition. |

35 An

KEY TO THE RIDDLES.

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 35 An Hexameter. | 59 Pincushion. |
| 36 Beard. | 60 Stays. |
| 37 Sleep. | 61 Thought. |
| 38 Soul. | 62 Heart. |
| 39 Fireship. | 63 Ambition. |
| 40 Fire. | 64 Fortune. |
| 41 Gloves. | 65 Shadow. |
| 42 Shoes. | 66 Gold. |
| 43 Windmill. | 67 Clock. |
| 44 Needle. | 68 Innocence. |
| 45 Quicksilver. | 69 Sleep. |
| 46 Watch. | 70 Echo. |
| 47 Swallow. | 71 Wisdom. |
| 48 Magnet. | 72 Dream. |
| 49 Egg. | 73 Bellows. |
| 50 Linen-wheel. | 74 Lottery Ticket. |
| 51 Shuttlecock. | 75 Garter. |
| 52 Smoke. | 76 Money. |
| 53 Tobacco-pipe. | 77 Walnut. |
| 54 Corn-mill. | 78 Rose. |
| 55 Sheet of Pins. | 79 Twilight. |
| 56 Spectacles. | 80 Tea. |
| 57 Messenger in a Candle. | 81 Virtue. |
| 58 Wool. | 82 Cypher. |
| | 83 Straw-hat. |
| | 84 Beans. |

KEY TO THE RIDDLES, &c.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 84 Beans. | 96 Sleep. |
| 85 Snow-drop. | 97 Plague. |
| 86 Robber. | 98 Table-linen. |
| 87 Snail. | 99 Peruke. |
| 88 A Joseph. | 100 Buttons. |
| 89 Map of the World. | 101 Card-table. |
| 90 Box-iron. | 102 Artificial Fishing. |
| 91 Parrot. | fly. |
| 92 Storm. | 103 Spark. |
| 93 Noon. | 104 Tea-kettle. |
| 94 Hoar-frost. | 105 Whisper. |
| 95 Crown. | 106 Bible. |

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CHARADES.

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- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1 Footman. | 5 Nightshade. |
| 2 Tartar. | 6 Herring. |
| 3 Cornwall. | 7 Farewel. |
| 4 Season. | |

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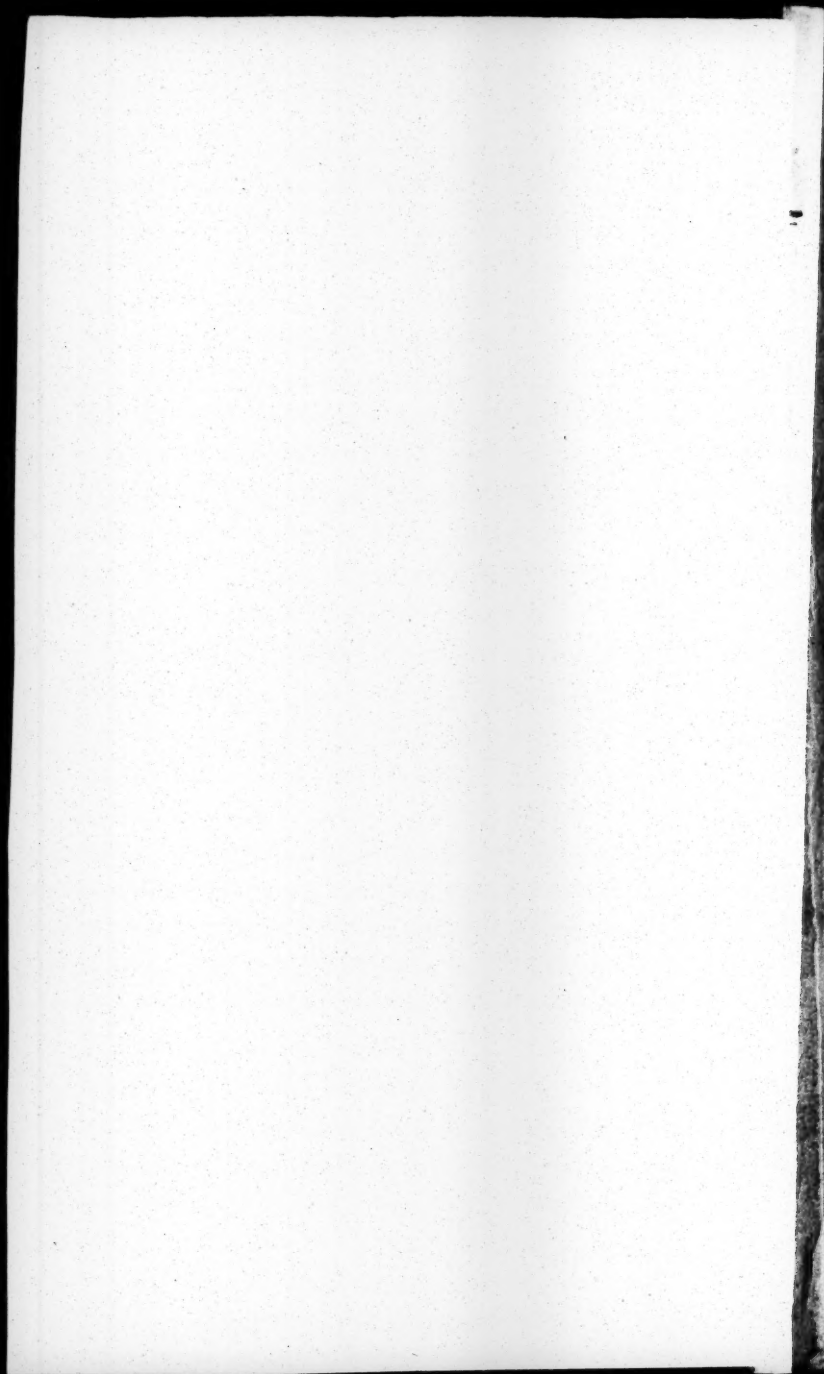
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